HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. VIII.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Bethel.—Road from Jerusalem to Samaria.—Parcel of Ground which Jacob gave to Joseph.—Joseph's Tomb.—Jacob's Well.—Nablous, the ancient Shechem.—Samaritans.—Human Love makes holy Atmosphere.—Samaria.—A Skirmish and a Rout.

IT is more than two weeks since I last wrote you, and I am still in Jerusalem. I have been over the Jordan one week, and among the hills of Moab on the east side of the Dead Sea, but the expedition was productive of nothing worth recording in these letters. Last week Mr. Warren and his family moved on northward. Their route is undetermined; but going easy stages through Galilee, they hope to be able to see the most interesting points in the northern part of the Holy Land, and possibly even to reach Damascus.

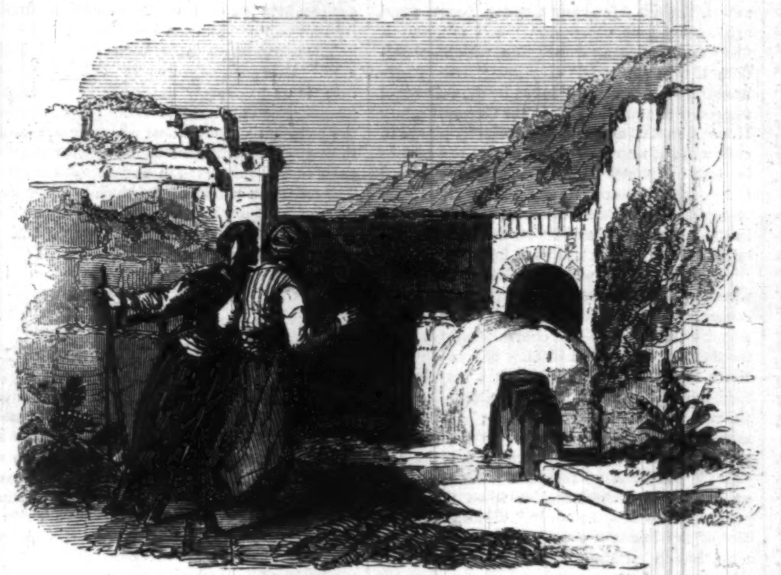
For a day or two after they left, the desolation of the Holy City seemed ten-fold increased. So human are we!

"Peter," said John Steenburger, the fourth evening after their departure, "Peter, I can't stand this! Let's go to Nablous, and overtake the Warrens."

"Nonsense, John! we must wait here a week for our letters."

"We can come back for them."

The idea was not a bad one. It was dull enough here, and getting warm. A daily stroll over Mount Zion, and along the hill Acra, by the Church of the Sepulchre; an evening seat on the summit of the Mount of Olives, to watch the sun go down beyond the city; a profound sleep, with dreams of old glories all night—these were the daily events in succession, and for these we were willing to exchange a ride over the hills on the north of Jerusalem.



TOMB OF JOSEPH (AT SHECHEM).

So we went. Mounting at daybreak, we emerged from the Damascus Gate in the cold gray light of dawn, and crossed Mount Scopus as the sun was shedding a glow of morning splendor on the eastern walls of the city.

Our troop of Bedouins were in fine spirits. They had been begging us to move northward, and were not yet aware that this was but a ride and a return.

We drank water at the Well of Beeroth—if I mistake not the ancient name—a fine fountain on the south side of the hills which were once the site of Bethel.

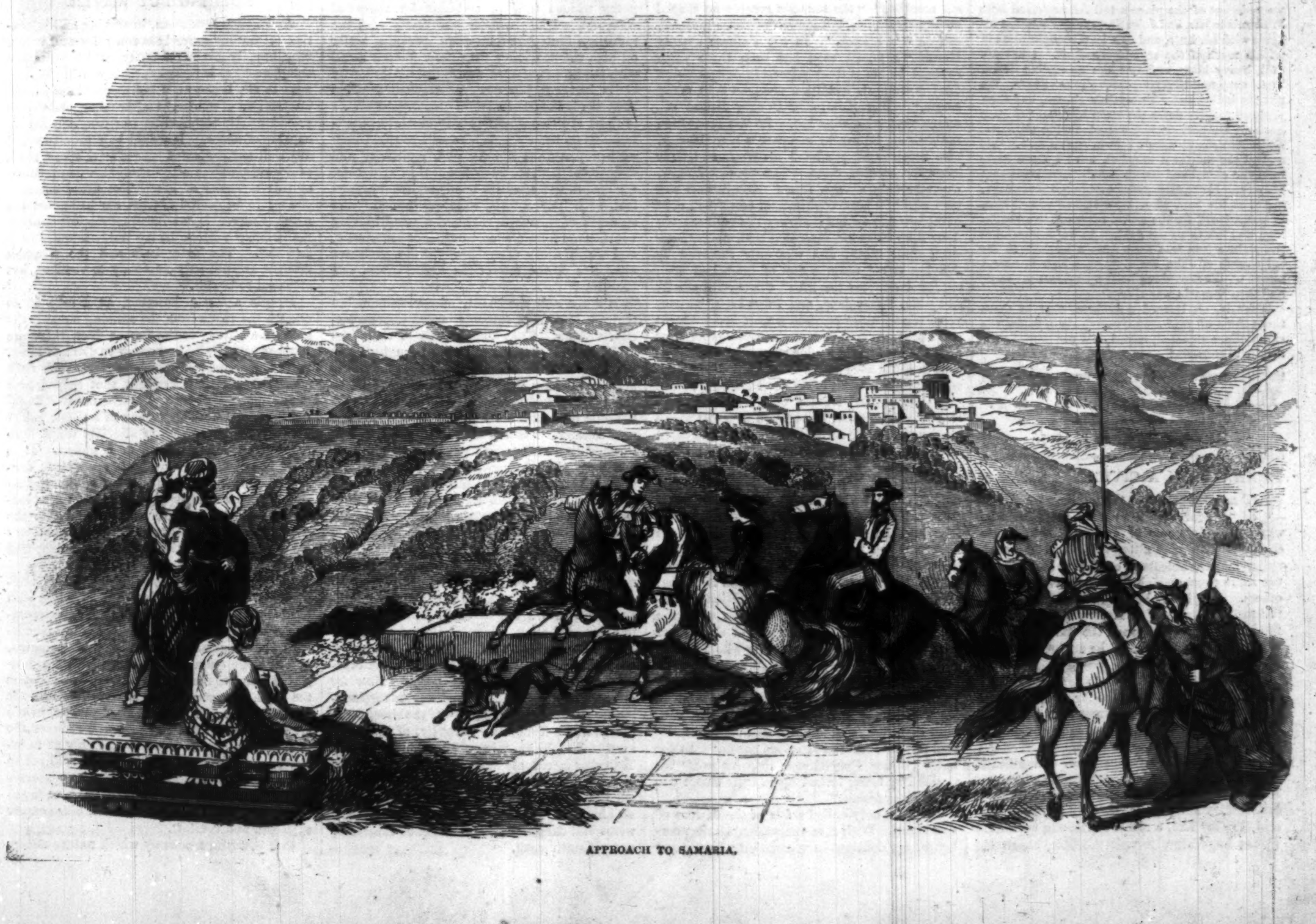
The sun was high up when we passed the place of Jacob's sleep, and we paused nowhere now till late in the afternoon. The road was miserable nearly every inch of the way. The hardihood of our Arabian horses is incredible. One-fourth of this day's labor would have knocked up the best animals in America. But we rode into the Valley of Nablous almost as fresh as when we left Jerusalem, though it was a ten hours' ride.

Three times on the route we passed the spots where our friends had encamped. Have I not once before spoken of the interest which such a spot possesses? A still valley—a place where the breezes seem to linger with delight—is made far more interesting by the fact that it was a little while ago the home of some pilgrim from far lands whose tent was pitched here—who slept, and dreamed, and woke, and prayed here, and passed on, and left the valley for me to come into, and wonder who he was, and whence and whither his pilgrimage. But more interesting far these places in which we knew that our friends had rested; and to John Steenburger the ground which had been inclosed within the little tent of Alice Warren was four-fold holy ground.

We rode up the valley till we came to a spot where another valley crossed it from the west to the east. This latter is the Valley of Shechem. At the point of crossing is one of the most interesting places in this holiest land of earth.

Its interest dates from remote time. Here Jacob digged a well, and here gave to Joseph a piece of land. The title to that little piece of land has changed hands often since then, and would be now somewhat difficult to trace; but passing over unknown and obscure owners, it is not to be doubted that this is the land of Joseph. Here, too, was his grave. The Moslems have a rude mud-and-stone structure inclosing one of their common grave mounds, which they point out as the tomb of the lord of Egypt. It stands out in the plain, and without doubt it is on the land of Joseph; and I know no reason to deny that it may with some fitness be considered near the locality of his grave.

A little way from it, on the side of Mount Gerizim, is the Well of Jacob, where Christ met the Samaritan woman. He was traveling up the valley from Jerusalem, and arrived at this spot, where he rested while his disciples went up the side valley, to make purchases in the city, and awaited their return. The side valley is a ravine between Mount Gerizim on its south, and Mount Ebal on its north—the mountains of blessing and cursing. Both are desolate and uninteresting. The valley is fruitful, and grain on its fields looks well.



APPROACH TO SAMARIA.

Turning sharp around the corner of Mount Gerizim, we rode at an easy gallop toward the walls of Nablous, which is the modern representative of ancient Shechem. Rattling through the city, cursed by women and boys who scuttled out of our furious way, we found the tents of our friends pitched on the usual travelers' camp-ground, just without the walls on the west side of the city. But they were missing, and we took possession without scruple.

Mr. Warren's servants obeyed orders without hesitation, and in fifteen minutes we had a smoking dinner on the tent table, flanked by a bottle of his claret, to which we were doing justice when they returned from a visit, and were astonished at the Arab incursion we had made.

But not displeased, if we may believe them. What a delicious evening we had of it, all going down the valley together to the Well of Jacob. The moonlight was clear and fine for two or three hours, and the old mountains lifted their heads into a serene sky, as if they had something akin to it in their own antiquity and the grandeur of their story.

The scene was picturesque. We were all on horseback. Our Bedouins rode in two bodies, one before, the other behind us. John fell into his place by the side of Alice Warren, and all the way down the valley, and seated at the well, and on the return, their low murmuring conversation made the night musical. For the voices of pure and earnest human love are holy enough to hallow even this atmosphere, once holy itself, but alas! so often defiled since it trembled with the voice of the Son of the Father uttering the sublime mysteries of spiritual worship.

We slept, John and I, in the town, in a miserable hole, surrounded by half a dozen Greek Christians and some thousands of fleas. The night was, in brief, hideous. In the morning we went to see the synagogue of the Samaritans, of whom a miserable remnant yet worship God in the city of their fathers. A queer old man showed us an old book, which I think he said was in the autograph of a grandson of Aaron, though his voice was so cracked and his Arabic so poor (or so good) that perhaps I misunderstood him, and he said a grandson of Adam. They claim for it incredible antiquity, and *non credo*.

Breakfast with the Warrens. Stewed chickens, stewed mutton, a capital loaf of bread, an omelet, and coffee that was fit drink for Bacchus himself. Then we rode over to Samaria, a gay cavalcade.

The city of the Kings of Israel is almost gone. A few relics of its ancient splendor remain, especially long rows of columns running half-way around the lofty bluff on which the city stood, and marking, perhaps, the line of one of its most splendid avenues. A ruined gateway at the western extremity of this row of columns, looking out to the distant sea where the ships of the world ride in the wind, and the mariners of nations lately born laugh at the faded splendor of the city of Omri.

Why should I point you to the passages of Holy Writ which we read on the hills of Samaria? Prophecies that have had their literal fulfillment a thousand years. You know, or ought to know, them all.

The modern Samaritans are a fierce and furious race of men. They surrounded us with demands for money before we were fairly in the city, and when we paid no attention they grew insolent. As we rode out of the place a tall fellow seized Miss Warren's bridle, and John Steenburger touched his horse with his knee, and at a leap brought himself within reach of the scoundrel's skull. I heard a dull, heavy blow, and saw him go reeling down. Then a cry rose that rang through the village. We put the ladies under Houssein's charge, and they plunged rapidly down the steep hillside, while we guarded the pass against the advancing villagers. Three Americans were a host in such a case. We argued the matter a moment, until a stone came from the crowd and struck John's horse somewhat heavily. He replied with a ball from his revolver, aimed at the man who threw it, but missed him. It was as well, for the crowd scattered in a twinkling, and left to us the field. As we descended to the plain a gun was fired from a loophole in the old church of John the Baptist, which is now a mosque. We sent three balls up against the wall, and then Samaria was silent.

Mark it, oh learned American, that in these times three of your countrymen, alone before the city walls, conquered, routed, and put to flight the armies of Samaria!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 1, 1857.

IS NEW YORK A CIVILIZED STATE?

NOT many weeks ago the public were shocked to hear that a poor Frenchman, who was confined in one of our city prisons on a charge of fraud committed in France, had sunk under his unwholesome captivity, and died in the narrow room which he shared with thirteen others. People shuddered at the idea that, in the metropolitan city of America, dungeons as fatal as any that awakened the indignation of a Howard or a Fry should be suffered to exist for a single instant.

A perusal of a report made to the State Senate last winter will show that, so far from being an exception, the Eldridge Street Jail really deserves an honorable place among our houses of refuge, and that the mere unhealthiness of the dormitories in that prison is an insignificant item in the list of our shortcomings on this head. The report in question was made by the Honorables Mark Spencer, Geo. W. Bradford, and Lindley Lee, a select committee appointed by the Legislature to visit the State charitable institutions, poor-houses, and jails. It discloses a state of things absolutely appalling, and in the highest degree disgraceful to the age and the State. It is hardly credible that such shameful enormities as it brings to light should have been tolerated so long.

To begin with the poor-houses. They are, in the terse language of the Report, "badly constructed, ill-arranged, ill-warmed, and ill-ventilated." In evidence of this, it seems that last year's mortality in the fifty-five poor-houses of the State was 770, out of an average of 6420 inmates; about one in nine. Nor can this be wondered at, when we learn that in some cases "as many as fifty-five persons occupy one dormitory with low ceilings and sleeping-boxes in three tiers one above another;" that "the physicians are poorly paid, and only give general attention;" that "inmates sometimes sicken and die without medical attendance of any kind!"

Justice demands that names should be given in describing the enormities of these establishments. In the Alleghany County House, there are four lunatics, who occupy "cells of the most filthy and loathsome description, which are seldom if ever cleaned;" they are "treated barbarously"—sometimes "taken by the collar and flogged with a raw-hide." In the Cayuga County House, lunatics are "often, in winter, placed in cells without means of warmth, and their limbs become frequently frozen;" some are reported to have died in consequence. The "ill and the maimed, the filthy and the diseased, are crowded in the same rooms, and lie on the floor together more like wild beasts than human beings;" "emigrants—men, women and children—were thrust into cells eight by ten, with no stoves or covering of any kind, when the thermometer was 20° below zero—of course numbers were frozen." The Clinton County House is "destitute of ventilation, except what may be afforded by the cracks in the wall, through which the rain pours and the snow drifts;" "the sexes mingle promiscuously together by day and by night;" "three births have occurred during the year;" "there is no religious instruction, but an occasional funeral service when the dying pauper *particularly* desires it;" till latterly, "the diet of the inmates consisted of pea-and-bran soup, Indian pudding, and sweetened water;" the water is from springs which communicate with the drains, and is "unfit for use;" the "cells are exceedingly filthy;" the "ball and chain, and sometimes the raw-hide are used as means of restraint." In the Columbia County House, "the keeper says he sometimes whips the lunatics, but believes it does no good." In the Greene County House "six lunatics . . . are confined in cells without air except from a hole in the door; some are chained to the wall, and when taken out for air are chained to the fence; none are cured or improved." In the Montgomery County Poor-House "the sexes are not separated by day, and not entirely at night;" "two births have taken place within six months;" "the lunatics receive no special medical attention, but *one is sometimes whipped, and he is a cripple*." In the Putnam County House "a young man has been three years chained in his cell—a miserable dungeon—on dirty straw; his condition is worse than many beasts." The Rensselaer County House deserves especial distinction. In this institution the poor are let out by contract to a contractor, who receives $1 per head per week and their labor for keeping them. The present keeper, when he took charge, found three lunatic women who had been confined six months in cells without being let out; during the cold season, their litter of straw, saturated with fluids, froze upon their limbs, and was only removed by thawing it off, whence two of them had been rendered cripples for life;" the "cells are 4½ feet wide, 7 feet deep, and 7 feet high, without ventilation;" the "provisions were spoiled meat and fish;" one pauper "was so reduced for want of food that he was unable to move;" the "paupers suffered very much from cold during the winter, from a want of fuel and clothing;" one "healthy-looking female, with a good expression of countenance," was found in a cell whose "sides, for five or six feet high, were besmeared with human filth;" the straw of the bed was full of filth; the poor woman herself was left naked, though she gladly assisted in dressing herself on the visit of the Committee. Are there any Christians in Rensselaer County? In the St. Lawrence County Poor-House, "the sexes are not kept separate by day or night; there have been ten births during the year." In the Sullivan County House there is neither room, nor air, nor water in sufficient quantity; there is no bedding; "adults and even idiots are whipped;" "the son of the former keeper used to whip an idiot boy who failed to make a fire to please him." Can not this young gentleman be found? In the Tioga County Poor-House, "a poor woman was found in her filth and dirt in a dilapidated brick cell, where she had been incarcerated for years, denied the pure air and light of heaven." In the Yates County Poor-House, lunatics are "restrained by being locked up in cells where one lunatic was frozen."

We have only culled a few of the flowers of this report. With rare exceptions, all the poor-houses are deficient in ventilation; hardly any have proper conveniences for washing or bathing; many contain no Bibles or books of any kind; in many more than we have enumerated the sexes are allowed to mix freely, and the food is inadequate.

Parts of the evidence collected by the Committee, we are told, have been suppressed as unfit for general perusal. We think they have told us enough. The idea that in this great and enlightened State, poor lunatics, men and women, are thrust into styes without light or air, and kept day after day, and month after month, and year after year, in a mass of filth, with no other covering than the chaff of their beds mixed with that filth (see introduction to Report); that brutal wretches are allowed to exploit these poor creatures, and make money by starving them to death; that paupers are frozen in their cells and rendered cripples; that idiots are exposed to be whipped by the louts who have charge of our *charitable* institutions; that in many institutions the men and women herd together and multiply their species like cattle—such an idea is so abhorrent to common humanity that one revolts from believing it.

There can be no doubt, however, but it is the case. It is positively certain that human nature is as grievously outraged in the county poor-houses of this State as it ever was among the semi-barbarous nations whom we are taught to despise. Indeed we doubt whether parallel cases could be detected in any civilized country. The reflection will bring the blush to every honest cheek; it ought to make the blood of every patriotic citizen and every tax-payer boil to some purpose.

SUPERFINE WOMEN.

Our women are certainly very pretty. Let people say what they please in praise of the solid qualities of the robust English, the social attractions of the witty French, the soft blandishments of the languid Spanish, and the insinuating graces of the intriguing Italian, we claim the palm due to general female attractiveness for the woman of America. She may be surpassed in certain specialties by her rivals, but in aggregate of bodily charms none of her competitors can hope to approach her. You might, for health's sake, desire to strengthen her muscles with a firmer tone, and to redden her blood with a fresher tint. You might wish, for society's sake, to brighten her intellect with a more sparkling vivacity. You might, for taste's sake, desire to throw a softer light upon the somewhat flaunting display of her beauties; and, for love's sake, you might long to warm her heart with a more genial sympathy.

When we are conscious, however, how substantial English flesh and blood are apt to coarsen into vulgar animality; how French *esprit* will overleap the bounds of faith, and wander into wild license; how Spanish languishment becomes dangerous facility; and how Italian sympathy widens into an ambition for universal conquest, we may console our vanity with the reflection that our women are, perhaps, better off with the deficiency than their foreign rivals with the excess of such attributes. All that we claim, however, just now, for the gentler sex in America is the possession in greater perfectness of those external qualities of form which constitute female beauty. Where will you find such well-proportioned figures, such regularity and delicacy of feature, such fineness of structure, such small and sensitive hands and well-turned feet, such "decent and gracious motion," and so much of that self-contained air and bearing which come from a consciousness of superiority, and which every where else are the exclusive attributes of the few of the highest rank and breeding?

It is not only the beauty of our women, but their distinguished manners, which impress foreign visitors. They find, greatly to their surprise, in the citizen's wife and daughter, the grand style of the court dame. They mark the absence of those class distinctions which are so visibly impressed upon the features and bearing not only of the men but of the women of their own country. Finding in the American woman those delicate lines and graceful proportions, and that quiet composure of manner, the result of conscious dignity, which belong only to those of the highest rank in Europe, they lose their faith in blood, and concede that courts do not monopolize the perfection of female beauty.

With this concession to the supremacy of the personal charms of our women, we may be permitted, perhaps, without endangering our character for gallantry, to hazard the inquiry whether there is not a too exclusive cultivation, on the part of the sex, of their external qualities? Is it not possible that the consciousness of beauty leads the American woman to extraordinary efforts for personal display? How far are our pretty female faces and figures responsible for the profuse prodigality of the times? Is the comfort, if not the integrity, of life often sacrificed to the flaunting tastes of our beauties? Tottering merchants and vacillating brokers are beginning to count the cost, and finding the balance in their ledgers telling against them, are shaking their heads over the vanities of their wives and daughters, and, it must be confessed, not without reason.

The too intense consciousness of their beauty, and the eagerness for its display, may not only be leading our showy dames into prodigality of expense, but perchance to worse consequences. It is an old imputation on the sex that they are only to be caught by a silver hook; and although undoubtedly libelous as a general proposition, there are not wanting occasional examples of such mercenary fish to give it some degree of plausibility. That woman has sold, or, what is hardly worse, hired her personal attractions for means to display them, is one of the saddest records of her past history, and some of our rigid moralists fear, from the present tendency, that her future may not be less sullied.

Leaving the preacher to inculcate the obligations of the decalogue, we would refer to some minor social ills which may be obviously traced to female ostentation. Grateful as we are for the beauty of our women, and highly as we appreciate its charms, we would wish it less diffusive in its display. The inward light is too often darkened by the outward glare thrown upon beauty by the artificial blaze of show and expense. It would be wiser to diminish the latter, with a view to the increase of the former. Our women, however, will perhaps protest against this, as the glare is required to dazzle the public gaze; and the obscurer but steadier light will only serve to illumine the retirement of home.

Apart, however, from the neglect of household duty, which is the obvious result of the passion for public display, is it not possible that our women may become too artificially fine for the companionship of home? While our *ladies* receive the compliments of foreigners upon their beauty and distinguished appearance, our *gentlemen* come in for a proportionate share of depreciation. "How superior the American women appear to the men!" is a common remark, which, if it conveys a truth, no less teaches a moral. The exclusive cultivation of the elegancies on the part of the one, and the all-absorbing devotion to the utilities of life on the part of the other sex, will account for the difference between the two, which is obvious to every passing observer. It is not difficult to see, in this marked inequality between our men and women, certain dangers threatening domestic enjoyment, if not social morality.

While we concede that it behooves our men to cultivate more diligently the graces of life, and to strive to reach a higher standard of manners, we ask if it is not just possible that our women may be somewhat overdone on the score, if not of true refinement, of the artificial elegancies of social requirement? Although, with all her charming attributes, the woman of America is unquestionably

> A creature not too wise and good,

we fear she may be somewhat too much of a luxury

> For human nature's daily food.

NOTHING BUT WATER.

An English statesman, in seeking an illustration of the difference between price and value, very happily hit upon water, which costs nothing, and yet is of inestimable worth. Water, next to air, is the most indispensable of all the productions of nature. Unlike most good things providentially supplied for our use, it is hardly capable of abuse. It would be difficult to find any well-authenticated case of fatal injury, short of drowning, from a too abundant employment of this essential of life. The more common danger to be feared is from too little, not too much, water. It can hardly, especially during the summer solstice, be too freely taken, inside and out. The daily bath and the frequent draught are not only necessary to comfort, but essential to health.

Simple a thing, however, as it may be to quench the thirst from the running stream, the mountain spring, or the Croton duct, there are but few people who know how to drink. Most, in the eagerness of thirst, swallow with such avidity the welcome draught, that they deluge their stomachs without proportionately refreshing themselves. The sipping of a single goblet of water will do more to alleviate thirst than the sudden gulping down of a gallon. It is more frequently the dryness of the mouth, during hot weather, than the want of the system which calls for the supply of fluid. When larger quantities, moreover, are poured into the stomach than are required, that organ becomes oppressed mechanically by the distention, and the digestion is consequently weakened.

Water, reduced to the lowest possible temperature by the coldest ice, can be taken with perfect safety, at all times and under all circumstances, when imbibed gradually by slow mouthfuls; but when swallowed in full, quick draughts, and in large quantities, it may produce a dangerous shock to the system. In the first instance the fluid, however cold, is at once raised to the heat of the mouth, and absorbed; while, in the second, it enters the stomach and reduces the temperature of that organ so suddenly as to interfere with its healthy action. It would not be a bad plan to transfer the straw from the sherry-cobbler to the tumbler of water, in order to secure that gradual imbibition which is necessary to health and comfort.

One powerful means by which nature adapts the human system to the transition from the extreme cold of winter to the extreme heat of summer is by an increased transpiration. The surface of the body is kept cool by the free exudation of fluid, which is constantly undergoing evaporation, and chemists tell us evaporation is so powerful a cause of cold that ice can be formed by its means. Belzoni's famous experiment of making water a solid, which so startled the Turkish Sultan, was no more than the application of this principle. In order, therefore, that this summer transpiration may be kept up, it is necessary that the pores of the skin, which are the organs through which this function is performed, should be kept free. To do this, it is necessary that the whole surface of the body should be often and thoroughly cleansed, for the incessant transpiration in summer tends so to clog the ducts that without frequent ablution their action is suspended. A daily bath, during this hot season at any rate, is indispensable.

These are simple facts, but well worth attention, for you will hardly believe, until you try, how much of your daily comfort and health depend upon the proper use of *nothing but water*.

SECRETS OF THE CENSUS.

IF there are still any people in this country who apprehend that Mormonism, as the latest novelty in the way of religious doctrine, is likely to increase or overshadow any of the other known sects, those persons will find profit in a careful study of the census tables. From the national census tables now before us, it appears that the number of females has been for the last half century considerably less than the number of males; the proportion having varied from 94 @ 96 to 100, and averaging 95 to 100. We apprehend that this fact would interpose some objection to the establishment of polygamy; for where is the man who can not command the heart of some one lady?

In this State, strange to say, the females slightly preponderate, the numbers being,

Males	1,706,273
Females	1,714,653

In other words, we have 8000 women too many. Now, as the national census tells such a different story, there must be a grave deficiency of the fair sex somewhere; we apprehend it will be found in Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Illinois. Need we add that the fact suggests that a female migration from New York to these Western States would *pay* admirably? Private and public letters from thence teem with imploring entreaties for wives.

It further appears from the census that the excess of females occurs exactly at the age when such a migration would be best. The males preponderate at all ages except between 15 and and 30; between 15 and 30, the ladies outnumber us. It is heart-rending to think that there are at least 12,000 young girls in this State, between these ages, who can not obtain husbands under a monogamic system? Can not the Kansas Emigrant Societies be brought to bear upon this horrible state of things?

Another secret of our State census may be noticed. We had better put it in a tabular form:

Population of the State	3,464,212
Number of voters	652,322
Average largest vote, say	550,000
Number of landholders	361,018

From this it seems that even here, where every man is more or less of a politician, not more than one person in seven votes at elections; in France, it seems, under the genial rule of the Emperor, the proportion is over one in four, though the number of "*abstentions*" is notoriously large.

CHAT.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

THE King of Siam has in the country, at a short distance from his capital, a pavilion, whither he resorts daily to refresh himself. The building is constructed of pieces of plate-glass of about an inch thick and six feet square. These are joined together by means of a cement as transparent as the glass itself, so that the structure appears to be of a uniform material, without a seam or a joint. There is but one door, which is so nicely adjusted that it can be closed perfectly tight. The pavilion has a wide opening at the top for the free admission of air, while a green silk awning, raised above upon columns of glass, shades the interior from the glare and heat of the sun.

The pavilion is placed in the centre of a large marble basin, which, by means of an ingenious hydraulic arrangement, can be filled with water and emptied in a few minutes. His Majesty of Siam having arrived, he is borne by his attendants into the pavilion, the door is closed and sealed tight with mastic, the order given, and in an instant the basin is filled, and the crystal structure is immerged to within a short distance of its open roof in the cold water. The furniture is, like the building, composed of glass—the tables, the chairs, the baths, and all—so that every thing transmits the coolness of the water, and is refreshing to the sight and touch. We would humbly suggest to his Majesty that a few loads of Rockland Lake ice emptied into his basin would probably bring down the temperature of the water, and add still more to the coolness of the interior. Nor would it be a bad idea to have a crystal fountain pouring out, through glass tubes, a perpetual supply of sherry cobbler.

FOUNTAINS.

It might not be very practicable, perhaps, for us to construct crystal pavilions like that of the King of Siam; but a great deal can be done, with the abundant supply of water we have, in New York at least, to allay the arid heat of these dog-days. Why are there not more fountains, or why are not those few we have dropping their crystal showers this hot weather? It would be very easy so to construct *jets d'eau* that the air might be cooled by the evaporation, the ear refreshed by the sound, and the eye by the sight of the water, without any such loss as would justify any fears of an abundant supply for the necessities of the public. What is there impracticable in some such structure as that described by old Sir Henry Wotton, for example? If we can not have the thing, we can refresh ourselves with the idea; and it is well, as we have tried every thing else in vain in order to keep cool, to bring the imagination to our aid.

"There went," says Wotton, "a long, straight, mossie walk of competent breadth, green and soft under foot, listed on both sides with an aqueduct of white stone, breast-high, which had a hollow channel on the top, where ran a pretty trickling stream, on the edge whereof were couched very thick, all along, certain small pipes of lead, in little holes, so neatly that they could not be well perceived, till, by the turning of a cock, they did spout over interchangeably, from side to side, above man's height, in forms of arches, without any intersection or meeting aloft, because the pipes were not exactly opposite; so as the beholder, besides that which was fluent in the aqueduct on both hands in his view, did walk, as it were, under a continual bower and hemisphere of water, without any drop falling on him; an invention for refreshment surely far excelling all the Alexandrian delicacies and pneumaticks of Hero."

THE FAN.

We have always thought the fan, as ordinarily used, a delusion. The constant muscular effort necessary to keep it in motion heats the body to a greater degree than is compensated by the freshness produced by the vibration of the air. The Oriental practice of having large, wide-spread fans extended from the ceilings of the rooms, and kept in constant movement by means of a cord pulled by an indefatigable servant in an adjoining apartment, is a luxurious contrivance, and productive of a great deal of human comfort, if you leave out, in the estimate of humanity, all consideration of the poor devil sweating at the end of the rope. Worked as this contrivance is now in some of our public places of resort by machinery, it becomes a justifiable, as it is a most agreeable luxury.

ICE.

Could we not utilize our ice more satisfactorily than we do? Instead of pounding up those monster crystals of Rockland, and converting them into steam by hot spirituous liquids, to imbibe and fever the blood, could we not place them in proper receptacles in the centre of our large halls, so that, on the principle of temperature constantly seeking an equilibrium, the ice might, as it melts, cool the air and every surrounding object?

MODERN FAITH.

The *laudatores temporis acti*—the fulsome flatterers of the past—may draw what odious comparisons they please between the faith of olden time and the supposed skepticism of these modern days. But where will you find, in the musty records of the past, any such evidence of trust in power as is proved by the confident enterprise of the present?

We are moving, it is true, no imaginary mountains; but look at that mountainous reality, the great steamer. Think of the faith in the modern prophets of science; how they are trusted with millions of money; how their grand conceptions of space, mechanical power, and of the conquest of time and nature go unquestioned. Watch the untiring patience with which the great experiment is allowed to develop its magnificent proportions. The *Great Eastern* steamer, as she rises at Blackwall, with her immense hulk, and shuts out from the view a whole district of the great metropolis, is a triumphant vindication of modern faith. The skepticism of the day! Where is it? Who has yet heard a doubt whispered? Why, we not only believe in the fact of the monstrous experiment, the miles of space, the three millions of expenditure, the score of thousands of tonnage, the ten thousand tons' weight of metal, and the capacity for a town of living souls, but we are confidently looking and preparing for the day when the leviathan will cast its great shadow upon our shores. We do more than move mountains; we raise them, and then do not doubt of our ability to move them. Is not the age of a *Great Eastern* an age full of faith?

CULTIVATING AN EXCITEMENT.

A desperate burglar breaks, at dead of night, into a house, gathers his booty, drops his lantern, and stumbles in the dark, startles the house, arouses its inmates, attempts to escape, is met by a policeman, and driven at bay; he cocks his revolver, shoots at random, and a worthy man, while in the performance of his duty, falls dead from the shot of the villain. Here is burglary and here is murder—great crimes, it is true, but, unfortunately, in a large city with a heterogeneous population like that of our own, not incidents so unusual as to call for any extraordinary excitement.

The guardians of the law have clutched the offender; its courts will try him, and, if guilty, its administrators will execute him. Such are the authorized provisions for the protection of society and the vindication of justice. Such are the means established by wisdom and sanctioned by experience for the detection and punishment of crime. Have we lost faith in them, and would we substitute for the calm deliberation and resolute will of justice the excitement and caprice of popular feeling? So it would seem, if we may judge from our conduct in regard to the tragic occurrence of last week. Meetings have been held, processions formed, and every thing done to engender excitement in our excitable community. The body of the murdered man is packed away in ice that the funeral may be postponed until the Sunday, when the quiet and leisure of that day may give full effect by contrast to the tumultuous ceremonial. The criminal happens to be an Italian and the innocent victim an American, and this fact is dwelt upon with such an intensity of national antipathy, and made so significant by partisan exhibition, that the horror at the crime of the villain is almost forgotten in the prejudice against the foreigner.

This is the danger of these popular interferences with the course of justice; they are apt to confound motives and create false issues. They exaggerate also the personal importance of the criminal, and it would not be surprising if the wretch who only deserves hanging by the neck as a murderer should fancy himself yielding up his life as a glorious martyr.

The murdered man died worthily in the performance of his duty, and his memory is entitled to the respect of the community; but a more quiet expression of regard would have been no less reverential to the deceased, as it would have been more favorable to the true ends of justice. The deliberate but certain action of the law is always more formidable in its influence upon the prevention of crime if undisturbed by the excitement of popular feeling and uninterfered with by the noisy expression of public opinion.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

[*From a Correspondent.*]

The Congress Spring again in full blast.—The Reinauguration.—Schedule of Invalids.—The Virtues of Congress Water.—The Fine Old Man Eloquent of Long Island.—Enthusiastic Speech.—How others take "the Divine Comminglement."—A specimen or two of Snobbery.—Thunder Storm.—A Bit of Romance.—Filling Up.—Mutton Chops.—Story of the Saratoga Oracle.—Ole Bull's Concert, etc.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *Wednesday, July* 22, 1857.

GLORIA! Victoria! It has not evaporated—it has not sunk into the ground—it flows on! True, the "king *was* dead, for a few days—the king of Saratoga; but the king lives. Long live the king!" Yesterday the Congress Spring, having been "thoroughly overhauled and repaired," was formally reopened to the public with all the honors, and pronounced better than ever by acclamation.

They who pay tribute to the Congress Spring for fashion's sake, or for the sake of appearances, with those who pilgrimize to Saratoga for the love of the water, have been coming since the joyful proclamation of Clark and White, like devotees to the shrine of the Prophet—the ladies particularly, sweet souls,

> In clusters,
> In their dusters,
> Or "dressed up to the nines,"
> And sweeping all the sidewalks
> In their swelling crinolines.

And the very flattering observations which the dear creatures have showered upon the improvement of the Congress Water "since the spring was fixed," make it sparkle with delight as the saucy rogues imbibe it. The fresh water of the brook is excluded, the gush of the spring is retained, and hence, "since they fixed the spring," the excelling effervescence of this Congress water.

To me it is the same as ten years ago—a weak dilution of magnesia, with a dash of Epsom salts, and rather easy to take, withal, under the idea that it will do you good. Its virtues are manifold and comprehensive, as several generations of all sorts of sufferers will attest. Men and women, crippled and crooked from hard work, hard fare, disease, and the infirmities of age; young maidens wasted and pale from those constitutional debilities to which, on this continent, they are so liable; "the man made of money," seeking a vent for his plethora of cash; the *chevalier d'industrie* at the last gasp of destitution; the anxious mamma with more grown daughters upon her hands than is convenient or desirable; the belle whose reign has ended; the belle whose reign has begun; the fortune-seeker, the tuft-hunter, the professional toady, the languishing snob, nay, all the endless variety of invalids, characters, and customers by whom we are here surrounded have some ailment, of which they come to Saratoga and this Congress fountain to be cured. We see among them, too, the same expressions of faith, doubt, hope deferred, and incredulity, that we may believe marked the wretched groups which of old gathered about the Pool of Siloam, awaiting "the troubling of the waters."

Oh, Congress Water! what ninnies and suckers, what flunkeyism and false pretenses, are manufactured in thy name! Oh, Saratoga! what doctor's bills, what ruined calculations, what broken heart-strings—but a truce to this Puritanical moralizing. We come to Saratoga to be jolly, not to make wry faces, nor to turn up our dainty noses at our neighbors. We may preach with the energy of Elder Knapp and with the eloquence of a Chapin, but here it will be "love's labor lost." We must fall in with the current, or be thrown aside. When our "up-town" dispensers of the Water of life are seeking relief to their wearied souls in Congress Water, why should we not drink and be merry? Go to!

Ten years ago! How time flies! A fine old gentleman from Long Island, with several well-grown and well-disciplined daughters, stood with us here at this Congress Spring, ten years ago! With this family group and some twenty other companionable fellow-*voyageurs* picked up on the way, we had made the tour of inspection of Niagara, Lake Ontario, the perennial and glorious Thousand Islands, the splendid rapids of the great St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, Lake Champlain, Lake George, and with this remnant of our family party, this Long Island patriarch and his amiable daughters, we stood around this Congress Spring. Supplied with water by a dipper (a stick with six glass tumblers at one end and a small boy at the other), we imbibed again and again. Then calling for another glass, our fine old Knickerbocker gentleman (who would now be set down as an old fogy, somewhat behind the Atlantic telegraph) broke forth in the following strain:

"This is glorious—glorious—positively glorious! See how it sparkles with health, life, and inspiration! Quick! Lift it to your ear. Did ever sea-shell from the Philippines whisper more glorious eloquence? Full of spirit as Champagne, this sweet water is yet sweeter than Heidsick, for it does not make the head sick. Those light, evanescent globules, Sir, are the fixed air, or carbonic acid gas, as they call it, brought up from Nature's distillery deep down in the bowels of the earth. Divine comminglement of soda, salts, and magnesia, with the least possible trace of iron! Another glass, my boy! There, Sir! For fifteen years, when I could come, with the heats of July, I have come to drink it from the Spring—from the Spring—with this fixed air into it, which may be bottled, but which escapes with the cork. Let us drink from the Spring; for thus this fixed air permeates the system like electricity, setting into active motion stomach, liver, heart, nerves, and brain; till, as the poet says,

> 'It makes the old man young again!'

Drink Sir, with me—drink, daughters, with us, a bumper to the Congress Spring! May it never go dry till the day of judgment, and then exhale to heaven!"

This was a believer in Congress Water, whose faith had become enthusiasm from his experience. As one of the precious few he is embalmed in our memory, yet more from the ministering angels who attended him than from his eloquence over the Congress Spring. Alas! the great majority here require, not an enfeebled, but a strong and elastic constitution, to withstand the daily routine of gormandizing, dissipation, and wearisome time-killing expedients that make up a campaign at Saratoga. Our foplings fall back in the morning upon Congress Water as a substitute for Hock and soda, and the charming neophytes of the fair sex drink it with a patronizing air and with most excusable little trifle of disgust. They take it as good children take medicine, because mamma and the doctor say it will do them good. Whence come those strangers? Mark that quick-sighted mother. "Who is that nice young gentleman taking off his glove by the spring? Too dark for a South Carolina planter. Oh, yes! that young Cuban! Beautiful sugar plantation near Matanzas. Bachelor. Is there a hop at the States to-night, Isabella?" Observe that young sprig of our aristocracy, whose growth, mind and body, was arrested in his sixteenth year by cigars, brandy, and billiards. "Ah! to be suah! That tall gearl—rather *passée*—too many cheap bracelets in the morning to be the real article! She will go home and swear that Saratoga is a great humbug, and that it don't begin to pay!" The fool-killer should spend the season at Saratoga.

Among our most welcome visitors was a rattling storm of lightning, thunder, wind, rain, and hail on Monday. You would so appreciate it, oh, fortunate absentee! if you knew by what oceans of dust we here are ordinarily surrounded in every direction. The sands of Sahara are comparatively solid and heavy; but the dust of Saratoga County is a volatile powder, dense, hot, penetrating, and suffocating. If good things and bad in this world are equally mixed, great indeed must be the counterbalancing sweets of Saratoga to those who find them!

Guess there are some six thousand strangers in the village. Old campaigners, who live to eat, begin to predict short supplies of mutton-chops, next week, from our increasing daily reinforcements of travelers. But as fifteen thousand is a maximum that has been fed and watered, we have yet a margin of safety. Apropos, I am reminded of an incident here (a true bill) of a late guest to breakfast.

LATE GUEST. "Tom, a couple of boiled eggs, or poached eggs; a slice of broiled ham; some dry toast, and a cup of coffee."

TOM. "Yes, Sir; all but de biled or poached eggs. How would like an omelet?"

LATE GUEST (*opening his eyes inquiringly*). "Why not boiled eggs or poached eggs, if you can get an omelet? Explain, Tom?"

TOM. "Yes, Sir. I reckon I can explain to you. When the house begins to fill up, Sir, the rush in the morning is for biled eggs or poached eggs. It takes the very freshest eggs to poach or bile, or else people turn up their noses; but those eggs which ain't so very fresh, but still good enough, with a little spice and herbs to 'em, makes a very nice omelet."

LATE GUEST. "Well, Tom, *ergo*. What's the syllogism?"

TOM. "Yes, Sir. De case, then, is, that the first gentlemen and ladies that come down always has biled eggs or poached eggs, and the late ones gits accustomed to the omelet. Have a nice omelet, Sir?"

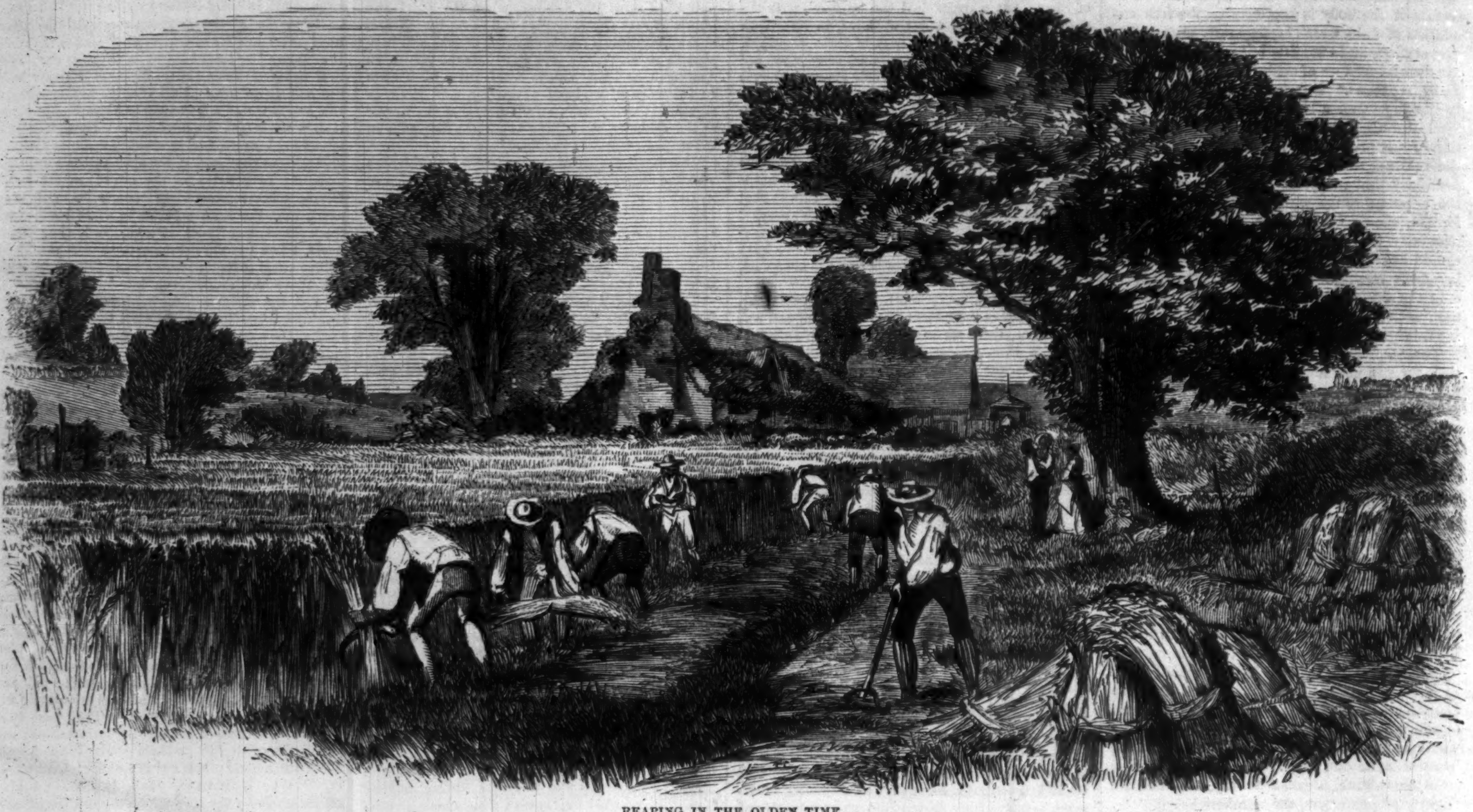
Imagine the decision against all Saratoga omelets, when Saratoga is full, spice and herb them as you may. Cookery has its mysteries.

The latest bit of gossip here is, that that beautiful woman is in the village—that charming but misguided wife of the Brooklyn merchant, who cut short her escapade with the betrayer in a scene of blood. "Where is she?" "Who is she?" "How is she dressed?" "Is he with her?" The daily *Saratogian* of this morning makes quite a chapter of silvery moonshine upon the subject, and it goes off like Yankee soap, from which, I think, it is a sell.

Ole Bull, the swindled, yet ever amiable, gentle, and lovable Ole Bull, gives a concert here to-morrow evening (a godsend), assisted by the venerable Horncastle (will he live and sing forever?), a Mr. Harrison George, or George Harrison, "a celebrated English ballad-singer," and "Mr. W. Dressler, the talented pianist," and every body is going to go:

> "Oh, carry me back to Ole Virginny,
> To Ole Virginny's shore."

REAPING AT SYRACUSE.



REAPING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

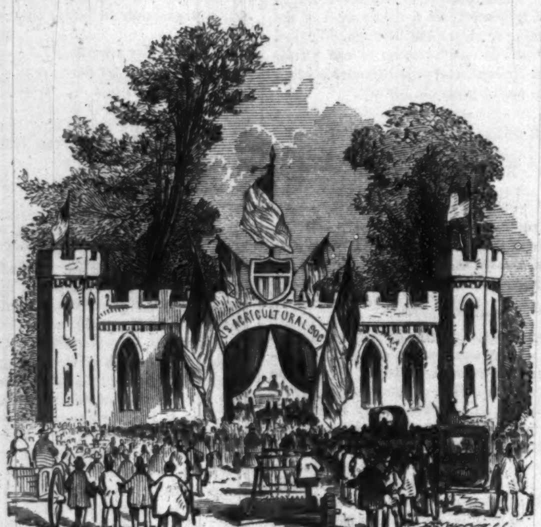
During last week a very interesting assemblage took place at Syracuse, New York. It was a meeting of the United States Agricultural Society, and the occasion was commemorated by a contest between various reaping and mowing machines. Our artist has thought fit to present a picture of the scene in contrast with the reaping of olden time. The comparison is, in a measure, a commentary on the tendency of the age.

The sickle is contemporary with the sword—that is to say, with man. The Jews were humanely directed, when they "reaped, not to reap the corners of their fields," in order that a Ruth should find something "after the reapers;" and though, from a passage in Isaiah, "the harvest-man reapeth the ears with his arm," it would seem that the Jewish reapers carried the cut ears along with them under their arm till enough were collected for a sheaf, it is obvious from the passage in Job—"they are cut off as the tops of ears of corn"—that the sickle was a primeval instrument of agriculture in Palestine. The authors of a later date make frequent and honorable mention of the sickle. St. John talks of "thrusting in the sickle and reaping;" Virgil and the Latin authors are full of allusions to the "*procurva falx;*" and from the ancient pictures and sculptures which have reached us, it does not seem that much alteration has been made in the form of the sickle since the time, perhaps, of Solomon.

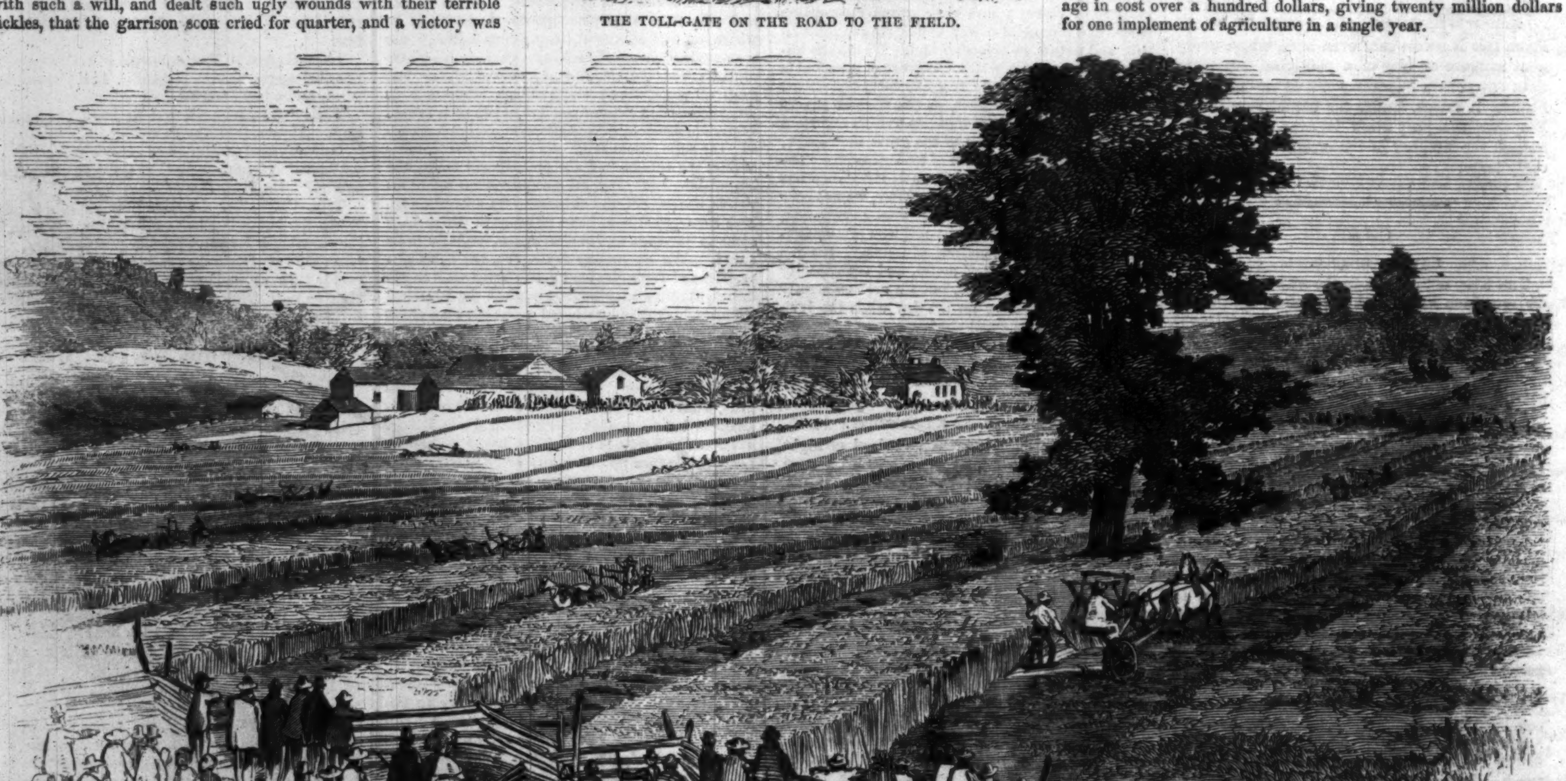
The sickle is historical, moreover, as an implement of war. During the wars of Spain which preceded and lasted through the sixteenth century, the people of a parish in Aragon rose against certain invaders, and, having no better weapons at hand, armed themselves with sickles, and attacked the enemy in a strong fort. The garrison had arquebuses and musquetoons, but the assailants had pluck; and having battered in the gateway, they rushed upon the invaders with such a will, and dealt such ugly wounds with their terrible sickles, that the garrison soon cried for quarter, and a victory was won. The battle is still talked of in Spain as the Battle of the Sickles. A subsequent despot, mindful of the event, decreed that thenceforth no farmer in that country should presume to own a sickle, and for a season or two the crops were reaped with knives and scissors, or torn up from the earth; but that same tyrant was discovered early one morning near the moat of his castle with his head nearly severed from his body, and the barber-chirurgeon said, on inspecting the wound, that it must have been inflicted "with some such sort of jagged instrument as, God help me! a common sickle!"

For all this, the days of the sickle are over. Lay it up—the old tool—in a museum, on a fair cushion; label it, number it, and put the date on the label; for the time is coming when the sickle will be as rare as the headsman's axe or the Spanish blunderbuss. We are too fast for so slow an instrument. We must have a machine like a steam-engine, with two horses to draw it, which shall tear devastatingly through a field of oats or wheat, cut ten feet wide of grain at a stroke, and lay it all ready for sheaving. Some of our machines will even sheave it too. By-and-by we shall have one that will sell it and pocket the money!

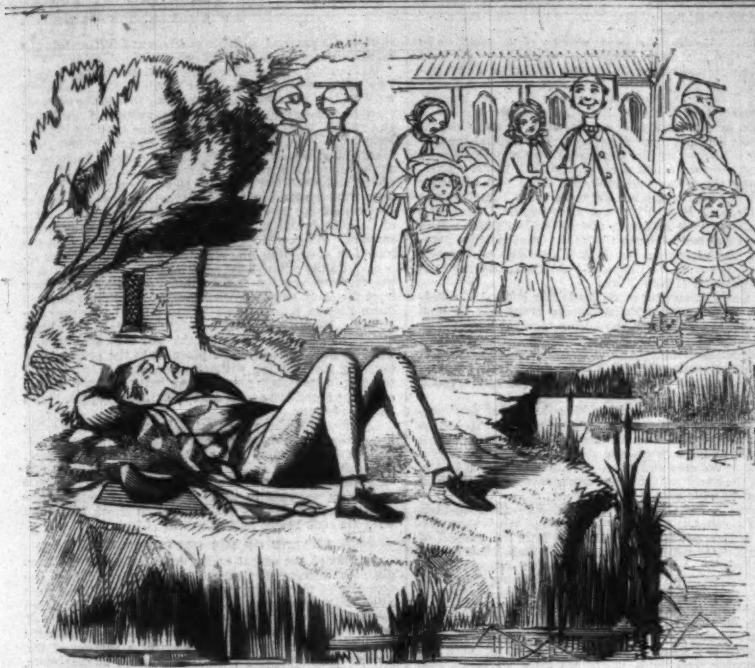
One may form an idea of the extent of the agricultural progress of this country, and of the enlightened principles on which it is based, from the fact that ninety-five different reaping and mowing machines were entered for this trial. We will only add, in addition to this proof of the startling development of this branch of mechanical enterprise, that over twenty thousand reaping-machines will be manufactured this year in Illinois alone, and that the total manufacture in the United States will probably exceed two hundred thousand in the twelve months. These machines will average in cost over a hundred dollars, giving twenty million dollars for one implement of agriculture in a single year.



THE TOLL-GATE ON THE ROAD TO THE FIELD.



REAPING IN OUR TIME.



DREAM OF THE FELLOW OF CAMBRIDGE.

MAY A FELLOW MARRY?

A MOVEMENT has been lately started at Cambridge, England, which may be of some interest to the advocates of change in our University systems. It is generally known that the officers of the various colleges which compose the University of Cambridge are chosen from the Fellows, who are a salaried body, for the most part living in college. Every year the four or five bachelor scholars who pass the best examinations in classics, mathematics, and metaphysics are dubbed Fellows. They receive an income of about $1500 a year from the college, on which they can live well at Cambridge, and either take office in the University or employ themselves as private tutors. But the conditions of their salary are that they remain unmarried, and take holy orders within seven years. The condition of celibacy, it need hardly be added, is a relic of the old monastic doctrine, which, in any other place, the common sense of the age would long since have swept away. But the rule of the universities of England is that their laws are so perfect that they never can require change.

The following is supposed to be a description of the feelings of a Fellow on the present question:

A Fellowe it was of Trinitye,
And he laye on y^e grassye grounde,
On y^e hither ripe of y^e muddy Cam,
In a dreamye summer swound.

Like y^e *malus pastor dormivit* he
Supinus lay and snored;
And he slept soe sounde, it was plaine to see
With his bedde he was not bored.

A resident Fellowe he was, I wis,
He had no cure of soules;
And across y^e Bridge of *Sues** he'd come
From playinge y^e game of bowles.

And now, aweary, he laye and slept,
As lazye as was the river;
And y^e limes made a shadye networke
About his heade to quiver.

Ho! Fellowe, what are your thoughts, I aske:
Ho! Fellowe, what do you dreame?
He dreameth, alas! what comes not to pass
On y^e banks of that sluggish streame.

He dreams of a bright-eyed, browne-haired girl,
Sprightly and gleesome enow,
Who, in an aunciente Rectorye-house,
Is keepynge their trewe-love vowe.

She has waited and watched for wearye yeares—
'Tis a longe engagemente, I ween;
And her face doth 'gin to pale and to thin—
Though not by her it is seen.

Yet others are quicke to mark what Care,
And anxious Waitinge have done;
Others can trace in her patiente face
Y^e wrecke that Time hath begunne.

She has no fortune, save hersen,
Though that is a treasure, I trow,
Yet not enow for y^e keepynge of house,
As times and taxes goe.

And he has nought but his Fellowshippe
And not marrye on that he maye;
For gin he marries, his Fellowshippe
He loses forever and aye.

And soe they are in a dysmal plyghte—
Tethered and tyed to a stake—
Bound by a vowe, like an iron chayne
That they may not snappe, or breake.

* * * * * *

Ho! Fellowe, why starteth thou now in thy sleepe?
Is y^e gadde-flye styngynge thy nose?
Not soe; for he smyleth; and gadde-flyes' stynges
Are productive of cruelle woes.

'Tis a pleasaunte fancye that haunts his dreame;
Y^e Fellowes, their prayer hath been hearde,
And Heads of Housen, and Vice-Chancellère
In judgemente goode have concurred.

It hath been decreede, that y^e Fellowes may wed,
And settle in College walls;
And wake y^e echoes of cloistered lyfe
With their lyttel chyldren's squalls.

And CŒLEBS seeth that brown-haired girl,
No longer wan and dree;
But buxomme, and blythe, and débonnaire,
Converted to MYSTRESS C.

He seeth her seated in easye chaire—
A sunbeame amid y^e gloome—
Braydynge a lyttel Babye its cappe,
All within y^e College roome.

He seeth her walkynge in College courtes,
Admyred of all spectators,
With her olyve branches buddynge arounde,
Or stuck in perambulators.

Wives and childrenne of Fellowes, he sees,
Swarmynge y^e classic shades,
While, with many a laughe, y^e studentes chaffe
Y^e prettye nurserye maydes.

Y^e Trinitye Fellowe giveth a starte;
Too brighte the vision doth seem!
And CŒLEBS waketh to bachelor life,
And finds his marriage a dreame.

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* *Vulgariter*, Sighs.

THE NEW MINISTER TO PRUSSIA.

WE present below to our readers a faithful likeness of ex-Governor Joseph A. Wright, of Indiana, the recently appointed Minister to the Court of Berlin.

Governor Wright is emphatically a self-made man. He was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, April 17th, 1810, and removed with his parents, in 1818, to Indiana, then an almost unbroken wilderness. His early years were passed upon a backwoods farm. He had no friends to help him, and began life as a farm laborer. By "over-work" he earned the means to purchase a few books. His evenings were spent in their perusal by the light of a backwoods fire. Thus gaining his daily bread by the sweat of his brow—aiding at the same time generously in the support of an invalid brother—he used his spare moments to store his mind with useful knowledge.

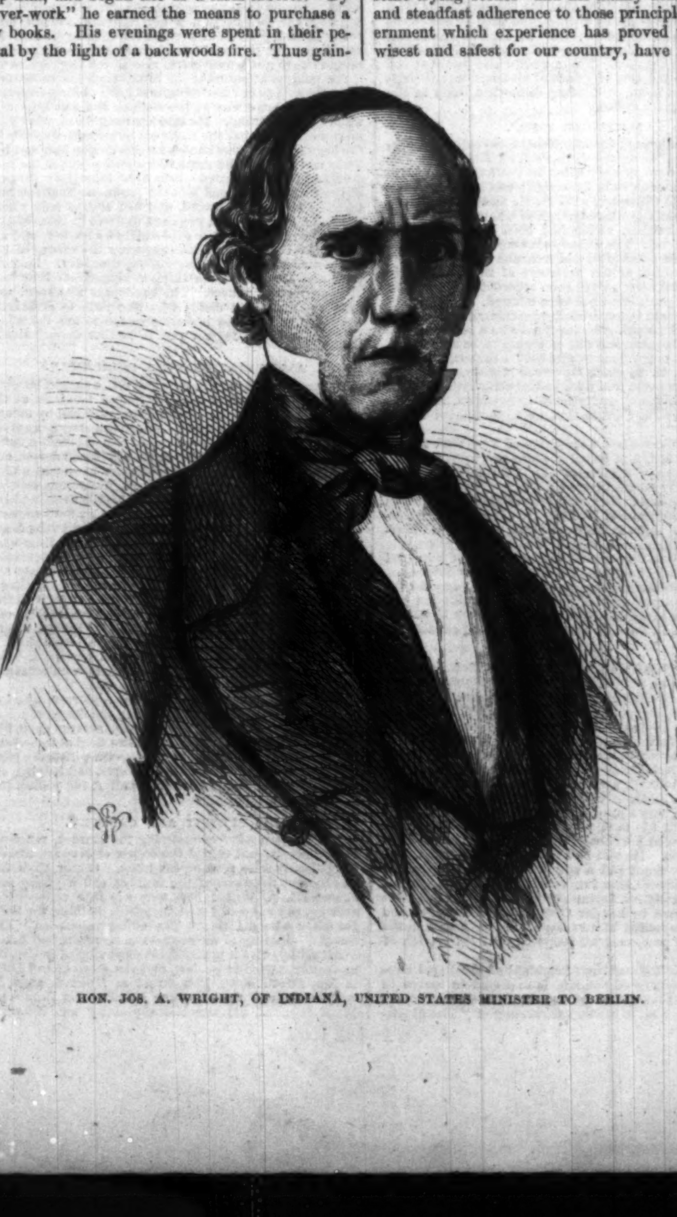
In 1829, at the age of nineteen, he had prepared himself to enter the profession of the law, and was admitted to the bar. He removed to Parke County—still his home—and there soon found himself in possession of a handsome practice. In 1833 he was elected to the State Legislature, and at once became known for eloquence and thorough-going support and advocacy of various plans for the solid improvement of the State and people. His first speech in the Legislature was made in support of a bill introduced by him, giving to each county in the State the privilege of sending a student, free of charge, to the State University, then but just established. This bill became a law, and many young men of talent but small means owe to it the opportunity of acquiring a good education with which to commence the world. Not a few of Indiana's ablest men have benefited by the beneficent measure introduced by Governor Wright.

In 1840 he was elected to the State Senate. In 1843 he was sent to Congress. At the expiration of his Congressional term, in 1849, he was chosen Governor of the State. Such was his popularity at this time with the people, that, although the political excitement was strong, and party lines were strictly drawn, he ran some thousands ahead of his ticket. The event justified the anticipations of those who gave him their votes. Indiana has had no more useful man than Governor Wright. He originated many measures tending to the popular good; gave a warm support to schemes for educational and agricultural improvement, and aided in carrying these against no slight opposition; led the van in all that could tend to the good of the people; and was most active in repressing and putting down a spirit of lawless speculation at the expense of the credit and means of the State, which, for a while, threatened to destroy the credit of Indiana abroad, and paralyze her at home. This, however, while it made Governor Wright popular with the people, caused him the enmity of politicians, who could not depend upon him.

He was re-elected to the office of Governor, again running many thousands ahead of his ticket, although his opponent was a gentleman well known and respected throughout the State. His last term closed in the spring of the present year. Last winter his name was before the Legislature for United States Senator. Here, however, the politicians, with whom the Governor is no favorite, prevailed against him. But the duration of his retirement was short. As one of the leading men of the Democratic party, and one of the wisest conservative spirits of that party, the eyes of the country were upon him.

The post for which he has been selected will no doubt be ably filled by him. His long public life, and thorough familiarity with all the leading questions and interests of the day, point him out as a man eminently fitted to share in the foreign polity of our country. Personally, he is one of the finest specimens of a frank, courteous, hospitable American gentleman. He will do credit to the country abroad, and can not fail of making a favorable impression upon all with whom, socially or officially, he comes in contact.

Governor Wright is still in the prime and vigor of life—in mid-career. His faithfulness to the interests of the people—his wise and honest conservatism, which has carried him triumphantly through some trying scenes—and his manly independence and steadfast adherence to those principles of government which experience has proved to be the wisest and safest for our country, have not failed to commend him to the people of the Union as one of the chief men of the time.



HON. JOS. A. WRIGHT, OF INDIANA, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BERLIN.

THE CHAIN.

"OH let me cast this chain of gold
Around thy neck, my gallant bold!
Its links were forged with magic fire,
And welded with love's fierce desire."

Over his nut-brown hair she passed
That flexile chain, so strangely cast,
Until its glittering coil did clasp
His white throat like a golden asp.

"I choke—O Heaven! I die!" he said;
"Ah! who art thou, false-hearted maid?"
Still cut the fast-contracting chain
Into each fiercely-throbbing vein.

"Thy ring," she cried, "a year ago,
Lured me to death through love and woe;
That chain that chokes thee in its fold
Was beaten from that cursèd gold!"

ABSENCE AND PRESENCE.

To live alone; to think, to grieve alone;
With winds and sounding falls to mingle moan;
To sit long hours as silent as a stone.

To live with you, and be your lover still;
To bend all wishes to your gentle will;
With you to weep, to smile, to joy, to thrill.

To utter useless thought to vacant air;
To labor always with a causeless care;
To seek for joy, and still find sorrow there.

To speak your name, and hear mine whispered
sweet;
To listen for the sound of coming feet;
With ardent smile and honeyed kiss to greet.

To sit with books, and commune with the dead;
Racking all day the strained, unfruitful head!
Then seek, with fevered brain, a thankless bed.

To feel a tender hand upon my face,
And turn from labor to a long embrace;
From pain to bliss, love, laughter, music, grace.

To lie alone and wear the age-long night,
While fancy, grieving both for love and light,
In darkness shudders at her lonely plight.

To hear the murmurs of a peaceful rest
Breathed by an angel sleeping on my breast—
Like Love's fair planet on the glowing West.

No joys know I of dismal solitude;
Nor in those bards whose cold, fictitious mood
Seeks ever scenes devoid of life, and rude.

I, not in herbs, nor trees with hoary rind,
Nor tumbling rivers, nor complaining wind,
Aught ever of their vaunted solace find.

The sun-eyed daisy charms not me, unless
My darling's foot doth on it gently press;
But then it seems to feel a dear caress.

Or in the shadowy folding of her hair
Deigns she the happy, modest flower to wear,
It seems a star for love fallen out of air.

Sounds not for me a music in the brook,
'Less on its trembling foam my love doth look,
And then it seems with a sweet rapture shook.

Dear are the dusky hollows of the gloom,
And ember-light within the curtained room;
But this, alone, were an upholstered tomb.

Joy of the voice, the viol, or the vine,
Concerts of pleasure, music, dance, and wine—
Give me not these, till Love can make them mine.

Thou selfish bard, that dar'st, unloving, try
The ennobling verse, thy song and name shall die—
Die like the weeds thou singest, utterly.

LITERARY.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Blue and gold. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

"In these volumes," says Mr. Whittier, in the preface, "for the first time, a complete collection of my poetical writings has been made." The poet is, therefore, before us here, and it is perhaps more true of Whittier than of any other poet that the man himself appears in the volume.

Poetry is not always, if it is often, fiction. Passion is not necessarily counterfeit when it is written out and printed. Emotion may be real, and feeling sincere, though it stand fixed and forever cold on the pages of a volume. So at least Whittier convinces us, for in every line that he has written we know, recognize, and love the honest poet, the frank, out-speaking heart of an earnest and thoughtful man. The readers of this paper will remember a noble poem, published a few weeks since, entitled "My Namesake." It is his last, and, in many respects, his best work. It is a finished portrait of himself, as seen by himself. A rare instance of clear and correct retro-, or, we should rather say, intro-spection.

As a poet, Mr. Whittier ranks among the highest in our country. We have been disposed to say more than this. In some respects he is unrivaled. His "Songs of Labor" are grand; the splendor of his "Palestine" has no equal; and we might name many of his single articles which place him far above any other American poet in stateliness of diction and grandeur of thought united.

That he has not been more universally popular is owing to the characteristic we have already mentioned. He writes but little imaginative poetry. He usually writes under the inspiration of the moment, and to convey to the world those thoughts which are his own frank and decided convictions or feelings. Hence great inequality in his works. Many of his anti-slavery poems are great works, while many others are but crude and illogical thoughts which he has adopted and written without consideration. For his good fame we could have wished such lines as these, which we take from a brief poem "To W. L. G.," omitted in a complete collection of his poems. They contain no poetry of word or thought to atone for their mixed metaphors:

> Have I not known thee well, and read
> Thy mighty purpose long!
> And watched the trials which have made
> Thy human spirit strong?
> And shall the slanderer's demon breath
> Avail with one like me,
> To dim the sunshine of my faith
> And earnest trust in thee?

Who would imagine these commonplace lines written by the same pen, or born in the same soul with passages like the following:

> And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
> But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;
> For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
> And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone!
>
> But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
> Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
> Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
> It could gaze even now on the presence of Him!
>
> And what if my feet may not tread where he stood,
> Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
> Nor my eyes see the Cross which He bowed Him to bear,
> Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer,
>
> Yet, loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near
> To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
> And the voice of thy love is the same even now
> As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's brow.

In all that Mr. Whittier has written, even his most violent tirades—if we may be pardoned the expression, when perhaps lectures or lessons would be as well—no one can fail to appreciate the earnest sincerity of the writer. Let the reader of these volumes begin at the end, and read first that exquisite self-portraiture which closes the second volume, and he will pardon the errors of enthusiasm, smile at the occasional ferocity of the muse, and, after all, love, honor, and reverence the true poet and sincere man.

The Athelings, *by Margaret Oliphant*, Author of "The Days of My Life," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The name of Mrs. Oliphant is an insurance that a book shall not be dull. Without dealing in any of the startling and surprising incidents of life, she knows well how to sketch the ordinary emotions of men and women, the occurrences which go to make up the romance of everyday life, in such way as to throw a charm over the history of just such people as every one knows. This book is a family story, the chief interest being around a young lady, author of a popular novel, and her sister, a quiet, gentle beauty. The girls are lovely, and their brother Charlie quite the reverse—a rude, unpolished cub of a boy—whose sound good sense and practical ability, nevertheless, are a material aid to the working out of the plot. The scenes are in English society, from the highest to the ordinary life of the middle classes. The plot depends for interest on the old-fashioned story of the cruel uncle who usurps the fortune and place of the nephew. No concealment of the *dénouement* is attempted. It is patent from the first. But the home-life of the Athelings—the confidences of the sisters, the anxieties of the mother, the scenes in the little house, where all the family are as one in their hopes and anxieties—make the book exceedingly delicious to those who love quiet pictures of life as it is in their own homes and hearths, and in the lives of those they best love. It is a book for a summer afternoon.

Sketch of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, from Original Documents, etc. New York: Sheldon & Blakeman.

Mr. Spurgeon has made his mark in England. He is a novelty there. Perhaps he would not attract so much attention here, where we are more accustomed to the sledge-hammer style of pulpit eloquence. But he has a peculiarity to which we are unaccustomed, even in our *omnium-gatherum* American pulpit. This is, that he is not a vague, wandering, denunciatory preacher, without definite plan of belief or platform of faith. He is, on the contrary, a Calvinist of the straitest sect; and while he declaims most furiously, and in his most forcible and eccentric style, he never steps from his platform, nor forgets his creed. He is no idle talker at random, but enforces a definite form of truth as he believes it. This book contains an interesting sketch of his history, and many personal anecdotes, and will be widely read, although, with all his popularity, he has scarcely arrived at that point which makes him a historical character, or one whose biography should be written during his lifetime. A brief account like this, however, is not unacceptable.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE KANSAS EMEUTE.

The only excitement of the week at Washington has been about the Kansas *émeute*. It is now believed that the danger is over, and that Governor Walker will carry his point without resorting to armed force. During the period of uncertainty the President and Cabinet indorsed Governor Walker's policy to the fullest extent, and authorized him to use the whole armed force of the Government, if necessary, to carry out his views.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES IN MINNESOTA.

Though the Indian murderer of Mrs. Nobles has been taken and bayoneted, it is reported that the Indian troubles in Minnesota are by no means over. Governor Medary telegraphed to Washington for authority to enroll five companies of volunteers. It is believed that the request was refused; but a confidential clerk in the Indian bureau has been dispatched to Minnesota to report on the state of matters, and General Scott is now engaged in preparing orders for the dispatch of a force of regulars to the scene of action.

THE NEW GRANADA DISPUTE.

This dispute drags its slow length along without making much progress. General Herran, now at Washington, announces that the New Granadian President has authorized him to settle matters, and Messrs. Morse and Bowlin have been summoned to Washington to consult with him. Our Government demands, first, the punishment of the murderers, who are known; and, secondly, by way of indemnity, the islands of Tabega and the two or three others which dot the harbor of Panama.

DOINGS AT THE PATENT OFFICE.

The Patent Office has received three thousand applications, and issued fifteen hundred patents within the last six months. The income of the office for the same time has been over one hundred and sixteen thousand dollars; and the expenses of the office, including some improvements in the building, one hundred and eight thousand dollars.

A NEW POSTAL REFORM.

The Postmaster General is now busily engaged in arranging plans to establish branch Post-offices in the cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, similar to those adopted in Paris and London. The London and Paris offices have recently furnished him with all the facts necessary to inaugurate this new system.

THE EMEUTE IN KANSAS.

The late trouble in Kansas arises out of the refusal of the people of the Free State town of Lawrence to apply to the Legislature of the Territory (which they do not recognize) for a city charter. They framed a charter for themselves, and submitted it to the people with the following among other remarks:

"Under ordinary circumstances, the more regular method of proceeding would be to obtain a charter from the Territorial authorities. As the Territorial government, however, in no sense represents the people of Kansas, was not elected by them, and can have no right to legislate for them, we can not accept of a charter at its hands. And as the State government has not yet deemed it advisable to proceed to the organization of local and municipal governments, we can not obtain a charter from it. There is, therefore, left us only the alternative of a charter springing directly from the people, or a continuance in our present unorganized condition."

This charter having been accepted by the people of Lawrence, a municipal election was held under it on 13th July, and Mr. Blood elected Mayor.

A copy of the charter having been sent to Governor Walker at Leavenworth, he issued his proclamation on 15th ult. denouncing it. Having pronounced it to be in direct contravention of law he added—addressing the people of Lawrence:

"You are inaugurating a rebellious revolution, disregarding the laws of Congress and the Territorial Government, and conspiring to overthrow the Government of the United States in the Territory. Your purpose, if carried into effect in the mode designated by putting your laws into execution, would involve you in guilt and in the crime of treason. You stand upon the brink of an awful precipice, and it is my duty to warn you ere you take the fatal leap. I warn you, then, ere it is too late, to recede from your perilous condition."

He concluded thus:

"It will be my purpose, if you persist, to spare bloodshed as far as practicable, and subject the leaders or the projectors of this revolutionary movement to the punishment prescribed by law. I will accompany troops to Lawrence, with the view of preventing, if possible, any conflict, and in the sincere hope that the revolutionary movement contemplated and nearly accomplished will, ere it is too late, be abandoned."

On 17th he camped outside of Lawrence with eight companies of dragoons. He has issued warrants for the arrest of the newly-elected municipal officers of Lawrence and other prominent citizens. The prevailing impression at Lawrence, when our last advices left, was that there would be no collision. There had been no negotiation between the towns-people and the Governor, but the municipal officers had not been sworn in.

PEACE AND QUIET AT SALT LAKE.

Our dates from Salt Lake to 2d July are satisfactory. The territory was in a peaceable condition, and general prosperity prevailed. Rumors of the expedition fitting out by the Government had reached Utah, but attracted little attention. The emigrant trains were progressing rapidly. Grass was abundant on the plains. The Indians were friendly. Public charges of official dishonesty had been made against Surveyor General Burr, and the sworn statements of his assistants were published, accusing him of reporting to the Government and pocketing the money when the work had never been done; of withholding the pay of his assistants, and appropriating it to himself, and of neglecting to mark the surveys, and then reporting to the United States Government that the posts had been removed by the Mormons, together with other serious misdemeanors.

THE VERDICT IN THE CASE OF MÜLLER.

Two verdicts have been rendered by the Coroner's jury in the case of the Seventeenth ward riot; one is signed by four jurors, and the other by the remaining three. The majority verdict finds that the German, John Müller, came to his death by a pistol-shot fired by one of the policemen, name unknown; while the minority finds that he died from the effects of a gunshot wound inflicted by some unknown person. The majority also find that the police committed acts of criminal violence, and the minority charge them with being somewhat hasty in the execution of their duties.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The double-headed Constitutional Convention of Minnesota was still in session at St. Paul on 25th July. The Republicans were in convention in the hall of the Capitol, with A. D. Balcomb, President; and the Democrats in the Council Chamber, with H. H. Sibley, President. The Republicans numbered 59, all of whom had presented their credentials, which had been accepted, and a number qualified. The Democrats numbered 32, several having become disaffected and returned home.

The credentials of the members of the Democratic Convention have not as yet been reported upon, and no permanent organization has been effected.

The Republican Convention has permanently organized and appointed standing committees, also a committee to prepare a preamble and bill of rights to be submitted. The Democrats previous to this held a caucus, advising with Hon. H. M. Rice and Governor Medary.

It seems probable that both bodies will continue to insist that it is the Constitutional Convention, and that both will form a Constitution to be submitted to the people.

The Republican State Committee of New York met at Saratoga on 23d, and called a State Convention, to be held at Syracuse, September 23. Two delegates from each Assembly District were chosen.

The Republican State Committee of Massachusetts, on 23d, nominated Samuel H. Phillips, of Salem, for Attorney-General. John B. Alley, of Lynn, was chosen Chairman of the Committee, vice J. Z. Goodrich, resigned.

The American Gubernatorial Convention of Maryland has nominated the Hon. Thomas Holliday Hicks, of Dorchester County, as the candidate of the party for the office of Governor of Maryland. The nomination was made on the seventh ballot. Messrs. James B. Ricaud and William H. Purnell were the competing candidates.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Hamilton Fish and family sailed for Havre in the *Arago* on Saturday. It is possible that he may stay in Europe during the coming two years. It is understood that his colleague, Senator Seward, is also contemplating a foreign tour somewhat more extensive than that of Governor Fish; for whereas the latter intends to limit his journey to the principal countries of Europe, Mr. Seward includes in his the circumnavigation of the globe, together with a visit to the Sandwich Islands.

General J. Addison Thomas, the late Assistant Secretary of State, was a passenger on board the *Arago*. The General, with his family, will visit Russia, Spain, and the less traveled portions of Europe, in addition to London and Paris. He will be absent about two years.

Colonel Frémont had a state-room engaged upon the steamer *Central America*, recently the *George Law*, which left lately for Aspinwall, and it was his intention to have started in her for California. His health and business compelling him to stay some time longer in the city, he has postponed his proposed visit till the 5th of August.

Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society of London, is expected to arrive in New York about the 4th of August, in the *Persia*, on his way to Montreal, to attend the meeting of "The American Association for the Advancement of Science," to be held in that city about the middle of August. Sir Roderick is well known for his literary and scientific attainments.

Miss Murphy, a young and pretty American heiress, was married in Paris on 2d of July, to Mr. Haillot, a Captain of the Staff and Aid-de-camp of the General Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely. The nuptial ceremony was witnessed by Mr. Mason, the United States Minister, and several French generals and high functionaries.

Among the persons invited to a state ball given by Queen Victoria on the 9th July, were the United States Minister, and Mrs., Miss, and Miss Sophia Dallas, and the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of Legation; Miss Cecilia Campbell of South Carolina; Miss Isabella Croskey of Philadelphia; Mr. Rudolf Coolidge of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn of New York, and Mr. Cornelius Grinnell of New York.

Mr. Buchanan writes of railroads in a letter to the Baltimore celebration: "Railroads are truly said to bind the different portions of the Union together in bonds of iron; but neither iron nor adamant is so effectual for this purpose as kind and patriotic hearts from different and distant States united together in bonds of mutual respect and affection, and in a common love for one whole, great, and glorious country."

George Peabody offers $10,000 to the city of Newburyport, Massachusetts, for any benevolent object its authorities may specify. Mr. Peabody, since his visit to this country—about a year—has donated more than half a million of dollars; and yet so vast is his business in England, that he is said to have made more than that sum during his visit here.

Marcus J. Parrott, lately nominated by the Free-State men of Kansas as a delegate to Congress, is a lawyer, resident in Leavenworth City, and has been the counsel of the Free-State prisoners in the recent State trials in that Territory. He was a member of the Law School of Harvard University in 1851-52, and after leaving that institution, opened a law office in Dayton, Ohio, where he had previously resided. He represented Montgomery County in the House of Representatives of that State soon afterward, having been elected as a Democrat. He emigrated to Kansas as an advocate of the present Administration, and there, under the influence of its successive outrages, became its opponent. We are assured that he is a gentleman of superior talent and popular qualities.

Sylvester Lind, of Chicago, has given his bonds for $60,000, to aid young men in preparation for the ministry, and $40,000 to endow Professorships in the Theological Department. An institution, to be called the Lind University, is to be located in the village called Lake Forest.

It is now thought that Colonel Pickens will yield to the solicitations of the President, and accept the mission to Russia.

The mayor of Chicago, John Wentworth, has been fined $25 and costs for an assault on a lawyer.

There has been a difficulty between Mr. George Prentice of the *Louisville Journal*, and Mr. Dubrett of the *Courier*. A collision took place in the street, and several shots were fired. Both parties have been bound over to keep the peace.

Robert Farnham, the oldest bookseller and stationer in Washington, and universally esteemed, was killed a few days ago, at the Stanton station of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad. He was standing on the track as the train approached. Mr. Farnham was a native of Boston, and extensively known throughout the country.

Harriet Livermore, the venerable Second Advent enthusiast, still lives, and is lecturing in Philadelphia to raise money for a third tour to the Holy Land. She is the lady who preached that the end of the world was on hand in 1847, and who went to Jerusalem to be gathered up with the chosen people of Israel on that occasion. It does not appear that her mission was successful. Although the daughter of the late Judge Livermore, of New Hampshire, Miss Livermore for a long time harbored the impression that the blood of half the twelve tribes of Israel ran in her veins.

Gottschalk, the pianist, is in Caraccas, South America, giving concerts with unbounded success. The story circulated a short time since that he was dying of consumption, we are happy to learn, is without foundation.

Mrs. Marble, who was captured by the Indians some weeks ago, near Silver Lake, Minnesota, and most inhumanly treated by them, arrived in Washington on Wednesday. She is suffering in health.

Richard Boylston, one of the oldest newspaper editors in New Hampshire, died at his residence in Amherst on the 19th ult., aged seventy-five years.

The renowned Lola Montez is now spending a few days at Niagara Falls. She has appeared at the Buffalo Theatre as a sort of interlude to her season of pleasure. On Friday morning Lola took the train for Buffalo, and, without advice from any source, she seated herself in the baggage car to quietly puff her *cigarette*. While thus cosily throwing off from her lips the curling smoke, she was discovered by the conductor and informed that passengers were not permitted to ride in the baggage cars.

She paid no attention to the intimation, but continued to smoke as if no one had addressed her. Acting Superintendent Collamer was at the station, and was informed what Lola was doing. He said she must do as other passengers did, and that she could not be permitted to ride in the baggage car. The conductor called upon her, and politely told her that she must take a seat in one of the cars designed for passengers. Lola drew herself up into an attitude of defiance, and told the conductor that she had traveled all over the world, and had always rode where she had a mind to, and proposed to do so in this case.

The conductor further expostulated with her, and assured her that he was but executing the orders of the superintendent and the rules of the company. Lola replied that she had "horsewhipped bigger men than he." This settled the matter. The conductor withdrew, and Lola was not again disturbed. She rode to Buffalo in the baggage car, and had no occasion to use the whip. The railroad men did not care to further disturb the tigress.

ASSASSINATION OF A POLICEMAN.

During the night of Tuesday 21st ult., a gang of burglars entered the shoe-store kept by Nelson Sammis, at the southwest corner of Grand and Centre streets, by means, it is supposed, of false keys. After removing some of the goods, one of them stumbled over a box and made a noise, which awakened an old Italian named Simon Anone, and his wife, Jane Anone, who slept in the basement underneath. As it was but just daybreak, Anone was satisfied something wrong was going on, so, hastily dressing himself and followed by his wife, he passed up the basement steps and walked around to the store door, which he found ajar. Satisfied that there were burglars about, from what he saw, he caught the knob of the door with the intention of closing it, when a boot was placed between the door and the framework to keep it open, and at the same time a heavy blow was struck at Anone's hand, which caused him to let go the knob. The burglar then rushed out, when the Italian shouted "Stop thief!" lustily, whereupon the robber turned and presented a large pistol at his pursuer, who, frightened, returned hastily and fled down his basement, followed by his wife, who screamed loudly.

Just at this critical moment officer Anderson, who had heard the cries, came up, and seeing the desperado aiming his pistol at the old man's head, sprang upon him with his club upraised, when the fellow fired at the officer, who fell dead on the spot, the slugs with which the pistol was loaded taking effect in his left arm, and lodging one in his neck and the other in the skull at the point where it touches the vertebræ.

HIS PURSUIT AND CAPTURE.

The burglar, after committing the murder, ran down Centre Street, and turned the corner of Howard Street; but pursuers were soon on his track. Officer Underhill was soon at the scene of the murder, and a young man named Ed. A. Willoughby, who was in a coffee-saloon near by, ran out and found the officer holding the body. He asked who did this? The officer responded "Elm Street!" alluding to the course the murderer had taken. Willoughby, with a promptitude deserving of praise, immediately started in pursuit, and ran down Grand Street to Elm Street, down Elm Street to Howard, when he caught sight of the murderer running for Broadway. What attracted his attention especially was the white shirt of the pursued, which was afterward fortunately the means of tracking him to his retreat.

Willoughby continued running until he reached Broadway, when he came up to officer Webb, of the Fourteenth ward police, and after hastily relating to him the circumstances attending the tragedy, the two resumed the chase, and caught sight of the fugitive on the opposite side of Broadway, running toward Canal Street, Willoughby identifying him by his white shirt. On sped the burglar at the top of his speed, down Broadway to Walker Street, where he turned the corner. Here his pursuers feared they would miss him, but as they reached the corner they espied the inevitable white shirt turning the corner of Courtlandt Alley. Here the pursuers took different courses. Willoughby kept on down Broadway, with the intention of heading him off when he was leaving the alley, while the officer kept track of the white shirt. But the fugitive was too fast for them, and after emerging from the alley he ran down Franklin Street to Elm, and down Elm to Worth, when he ran into a house near the corner. Here again the fatal white shirt told his whereabouts. The pursuers reached the door soon after he did, when a short colloquy took place as to the propriety of entering the building without arms; but they resolved to enter immediately; and it was fortunate they did so, as it was found the assassin was plentifully supplied with loaded weapons.

On officer Webb and young Willoughby reaching the top of the stair-case, they found the burglar about entering his door, panting and excited after his recent race. On seeing his implacable pursuers, he turned pale, and said, tremulously, "Me no shoot—me no shoot!" before any thing was said to him. He, however, resisted the arrest, and the officer was compelled to knock him down with his club before he could secure him.

EXTENT OF HIS DEPREDATIONS.

An idea of the extent of the depredations of this burglar, whose name is Cancemi, may be formed from the quantity of things discovered in his rooms. They were filled with all manner of burglar's tools, besides stolen goods. Two guns were found loaded, and four flasks of gunpowder, with slugs and bullets sufficient to kill fifty persons. The following inventory of a portion of the goods will give an idea of what was found: 22 diamonds, large and small; 80 pearls; 1 gold watch and chain; gold cuff buttons; a multitude of small trinkets; 4 fine silk, flounced female dresses; several rich silk shawls, brown and red; a dark lantern, such as is used by burglars; 2 guns loaded; 4 flasks of gunpowder, with abundance of shot; 1 keg of wax for taking fac-similes of keys. These boxes, as well as three large cotton bags, were found filled with costly lace, ladies' handkerchiefs, bosoms, chemisettes, collars, fine under-clothes, silk night-caps and the like, showing that they were the spoils of ladies' bed-chambers, trunks, and drawers. The other goods were dresses, new shoes, hats, caps, capes, bottles, pennies, and small ware. The most curious garment found was a shoplifter's coat, the inside lining of which was so arranged as to be capable of being filled up with stolen goods. He was nearly lynched by the mob before he was lodged in the Tombs.

THE BURGLARY BUSINESS.

One may form an idea of the extent of the burglary business from the following list of goods claimed of the police during the last four days: Silk dresses, 57; silk basques, 29; other dresses and basques, 13; cloth capes, 5; silk capes, 4; silver spoons (large and small), 74; gold breastpins (plain), 37; gold chains (all kinds), 32; silk velvet cloaks, 5; shawls (all kinds), 27; broadcloth coats, 11; silk vests, 32; other vests, 9; pants (all kinds), 7; remnants of cloths of all kinds, 27; silk pocket-handkerchiefs, 13; mantillas, 9; set furs, 2; portmonnaies, 11; sleeve-buttons, 7 pairs; silver cake baskets, 6; diamond pins (all kinds), 18; diamond rings (all kinds), 39; gold watches (all kinds) 27; gold pencils, 13; pairs gold earrings, 15; gold bracelets, 14; cuff pins, 9 pairs; gold finger rings, 22; cameo breastpins, 7; silver forks, 39; diamond crosses, 2; diamond earrings, 2 pairs; pearls, 2; gold lockets, 37; hair necklaces, 3; accordeons, 2; pairs of gloves (all kinds), 33; reticules, 4; silver watches, 5; one case surgical instruments; opera glasses, 5; silver napkin rings, 10; gold thimbles, 5; silver bouquet holders, 7; clocks, 3; silver snuff-boxes, two; gold watch-seals, 11; gold watch-keys, 5; rifles, 2; pistols, 3 pairs; silver chains, 2, silver sugar-tongs, 3 pairs; silver soup-ladles, 2; silver cake baskets, 3; ivory checks, 2000; silver butter-knives, 3.

HORRIBLE MURDER AT CINCINNATI.

At about four o'clock on the morning of 21st ult. the mansion occupied by Nicholas T. Horton, Esq., in Ohio Avenue, at the head of Vine Street Hill, Cincinnati, was discovered to be on fire. Judge Parker, whose residence is upon the opposite side of the way, was aroused by the screams of the inmates of Mr. Horton's house, and speedily dressing himself he rushed to the scene, when, upon entering the hall, he discovered a gentleman named Concklin endeavoring to remove the prostrate body of Mr. Horton. The smoke was suffocating, but between them they succeeded in carrying their charge to the lawn, when it was discovered that he was bleeding profusely from a cut inflicted in the head, and a dreadful gash, given evidently by the downward stroke of some sharp weapon in the left groin, and which had severed the femoral artery. He appeared sensible, but was speechless, and in a few moments breathed his last.

Previous to this, and at the first alarm of fire, the mother of Mr. Horton rushed into the hall, when she perceived her unfortunate son-in-law staggering toward the bedroom of his wife, who had but recently been confined, and exclaiming, "Oh, mother, I am stabbed!" he fell upon the spot where he was discovered by Judge Parker and Mr. Concklin.

In the mean time the excitement had spread, and some firemen from the Mohawk engine-house arriving upon the spot the fire was soon extinguished, and suspicion having fallen upon a serving man named Joseph Loefner, who had for upward of two years been engaged in the family of Mr. Horton, some persons hastened to a house on the corner of Vine and Green streets, in which Loefner's wife resided. In a few minutes afterward, however, and while the party assembled in front of the house were yet in a state of horrid bewilderment, Loefner was seen staggering toward them from a neighboring orchard, bleeding profusely from a cut in the hand and a horrid gash across the throat. Some of the party advanced to meet him, but he sunk upon the grass upon hands and knees. They traced the blood to an apple-tree, beneath which they found a large sharp butcher-knife and a razor. With the former he had inflicted the fatal blow which had deprived Mr. Horton of life, and with the latter he had attempted to accomplish his own destruction. When interrogated as to whether he had committed the arson and murder, he nodded (for he was speechless) assent, and also that he had cut his own throat.

In the mean time the party who had first started in pursuit of him arrived at the residence of his wife, but found the door of the room locked. Subsequently they burst it in, and there, stretched nearly naked upon the bed, but with her shoes on her feet, they beheld the dead body of the ill-fated wife of the murderer of Mr. Horton, no wound upon her person, but otherwise exhibiting marks which made it evident that she had died from strangulation.

THE CAUSE OF THE DEED.

Joseph Loefner, the murderer, is barely 32 years of age, and is said to have on several occasions exhibited a violent and ungovernable disposition. He was engaged by Mr. Horton as a gardener and to take care of the horses, and it is said that upon one occasion when the harness became entangled he seized a knife and cut it to pieces, after which he turned and served his coat, which was hanging from a peg in the stable, in the same manner. The evening previous to the tragedy he had been reprimanded by Mr. Horton for exercising undue cruelty to the horses, and it is said that at that time he had muttered dark and malignant threats. He was a German by birth, but has lived in this country for years. Francisca, his ill-fated wife, was a beautiful German girl of some twenty summers. Her maiden name was Koehler, and it was by this name that both herself and husband was most frequently called. She had contracted the ill-fated marriage but a short eight months, and was five months advanced in pregnancy. To a beautiful and expressive face, and a form faultless in its symmetry, she is said to have combined the more lasting charms of amiability of disposition and a singularly—for her station—refined and cultivated mind. Like Desdemona, she suffered by the green-eyed and unfounded suspicion of her jealous tyrant, and met, too, the same death as that inflicted by the Moor upon his pure and spotless wife. By the testimony elicited at the inquest held over her body, it appeared that for some time previous to the fearful *denouement* her life had been clouded, and the eager hopes which, for one in her situation, about for the first time to be invested with the sacred title of mother, is ever supposed to shed a rosy halo over the new and mysterious existence destroyed by her cruel and unamiable partner.

The murderer still survives; he declares that Mr. Horton was his wife's paramour.

A LADY FINED FOR WEARING TOO LARGE HOOPS.

One of the most extraordinary cases, says a Boston paper, ever brought before a legal tribunal, was witnessed in the Police Court on Saturday. An officer complained of a young and remarkably handsome lady for obstructing the sidewalks in Washington Street by too great a display of crinoline. As it is understood that the lady is highly connected, we will call her Mary Smith, and not expose her true name.

Before the complaint was read, Judge Russell inquired as to the whereabouts of the prisoner. The officer replied that the lady was waiting in the entry; that himself and two others had endeavored to squeeze her through the doorways, but they were too narrow, and he wished the Judge's advice in the premises.

Judge said that it was an extraordinary case—the constitution guaranteed to every one an open trial, and he would not hold a session in the entry even to please a lady. Under the circumstances, he recommended that Miss Smith be moved from the entry to the front door, and he thought that she must spread considerable not to be able to take her place in the prisoner's dock.

The experiment was tried and found to answer admirably—the door being some twenty feet wide, very little compressing was needed—and with a frown of indignation upon her pretty brow, Miss Smith found herself face to face with the Judge, and listened to the complaint which was read to her.

The officer testified that half a dozen times during the week he had been obliged to step from the sidewalk to enable the defendant to pass. Once he came very near being run over by a passing carriage, and he inquired of the Judge whether the city government would have allowed a pension to his widow in case he had been killed.

The Judge said that he should reserve his opinion until some time next week on that point, and inquired whether the circumference of the lady was not produced by natural causes.

The police officer said that he was the father of sixteen children, and if he was lucky he expected an addition to his family next month. He had never known his wife to occupy half so much space as Miss Smith, and he hoped she never would, as he disliked twins.

The Court rebuked the levity of the man, and told him he must trust to Providence.

The officer said that he should, but if Providence continued to favor him, he meant to petition for an increase of salary, and he thought he ought to have it.

The Court intimated that his remarks were irrelevant to the case, and inquired if he had any further testimony to offer.

The officer said that he had. He had requested the prisoner two or three times not to stop on the sidewalk, as people were unable to pass without going into the street, which at times was inconvenient to ladies wearing paper-soled shoes, owing to the outrageous manner in which the thoroughfares were watered.

The Court, in summing up, said that the evil was one of great magnitude, and should be checked by vigorous measures. There was no statute under which too great a display of crinoline came, but he should take the responsibility of inflicting a fine of $5 and costs, and he hoped that it would be a warning.

The fine was promptly paid, and Miss Smith was discharged.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ACQUITTAL OF MISS SMITH.

In the case of Miss Madeleine Smith, upon which we touched last week, the Scotch jury have found a verdict of "Not guilty" upon one of the counts, and "Not proven" upon the other. The appearance of the prisoner during the trial is thus described by an eye-witness:

"In the midst of all the excitement she has preserved an attitude of perfect repose, which has struck every spectator with astonishment. She passes from the cab to the court-room, or rather to the cell beneath the dock, with the air of a belle entering a ball-room. The female turnkey at her side looked much more of the prisoner, for, while she is still, and scarcely ever lifts her eyes, Miss Smith never ceases surveying all that goes on around her—watching every word, returning every look with compound interest. When judges and jurymen retire for lunch, she refuses even so much as a small packet of sandwiches or a glass of water. There she sits, refusing meat and drink or a moment's retirement in her cell—a splendid specimen of physical power, and of such endurance as only a will of terrible strength could attain. When she is called up to plead, she says, in a clear, sweet treble—no trace of huskiness or emotion perceptible in the voice, no trembling on her tongue, 'Not guilty.' The Dean of Faculty, her leading counsel, bids her good-morning, or says a word to her when the proceedings close for the day, and she smiles so cheerily that you listen to hear her laugh. Whoever speaks, counsel or witness, must be sensible of the fixed, penetrating glance of her large black eye. Her head is perpetually turning from the gentleman of the long robe to the responsive witness-box, as the questions are put and answered. She has a well-cultivated taste—that is evident. She is elegant without show. A rich brown silk gown, with a large brooch, low set in the breast; a white straw bonnet simply trimmed with white ribbon; a white cambric handkerchief—such is the inventory. Her hair, of which she has a rich profusion, is quietly arranged in the fashion prevalent before the Eugénie style, although the smallness of the bonnet, which is of the most fashionable make, necessitates the leading of two ebony braids across the crown of her head. Miss Smith is about five feet two inches in height. She has an elegant figure, and can neither be called stout nor slim. She looks older than her years, which are twenty-one. I should have guessed her age to be twenty-four. Her eyes are deep set, large, and some think beautiful; but they certainly do not look prepossessing. Her nose is prominent, but is too long to be taken as a type for the Roman, and too irregular to remind one of Greece. Her complexion, in spite of prison life, is clear and fresh. Her cheeks are well colored, and the insinuation that a rosy hue is imparted by artificial means, made by some portion of the press, does not seem well founded."

INQUEST ON THE EARL OF MORNINGTON.

An inquest has just been held on the body of William Pole Tylney Long Wellesley, fourth Earl of Mornington, who died lately in the 69th year of his age. Considerable interest attached to the inquiry, not only consequent on the high position of the deceased in the peerage, and the circumstances which have so frequently brought his name before the public, but more especially in connection with a sum of something like £200,000, which the noble earl's death will, derived as it is upon policies of insurance, place at the disposal of the trustees of his encumbered estates and other creditors. One of his intimate friends, a Major Richardson, testified that, with respect to the statement as to his being in want, he (witness) was aware that the earl had not wanted for the last four years. In 1854 he (witness) obtained for the earl £1000, which lasted him two years. He had been living upon £8 a week, but on his cousin, the Duke of Wellington, becoming acquainted with his condition, he allowed him £10 a week, which he had up to the time of his decease. He did not therefore, consider the earl in pecuniary want, but at the same time it might be deemed so in the case of one who, from £100,000 a year, had had to live upon £500 per annum. The £10 a week from the Duke of Wellington was all the earl received, and he often writhed under that. His life was insured on behalf of the trustees of the estate for £87,000, and for £120,000 on behalf of other parties, making up a sum of £207,000. The policies were not encumbered, as the premiums were regularly paid by the parties, and the earl frequently expressed his surprise that the people would continue paying on them. Not one of the policies was in his own possession, and some were nearly forty years old. The jury returned a verdict "That the deceased William Pole Tylney Long Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, died from a natural disease."

SAILING OF LADY FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

The *Fox* screw-steamer, fitted out at Aberdeen by Lady Franklin, has sailed from that port in search of the remains of Sir John Franklin and his crew. The vessel has been supplied with every article of equipment which could possibly be desired, and many and valuable have been the gifts that have been presented to aid in the department of provisions. There was a large concourse of spectators present when the *Fox* left the docks, who cheered Captain M'Clintock and his gallant crew lustily as they passed along. Lady Franklin and her niece, Sophia, were present, and it was a rather remarkable coincidence, that as the *Fox* got under weigh the *Lady Franklin* brig and *Sophia*, which were both purchased for the Arctic search, under Captain Penny several years ago, should just have left the harbor under the charge of the same Captain Penny, to pursue the whale-fishing during the autumn, and wintering in Cumberland Straits, resume the fishing again in spring. The *Fox* steamed away to the north, and is expected to make the ice in a week or ten days.

LADY FRANKLIN'S BOAT.

About fourteen months ago, Mr. Cunard, of Cunard, Munn, & Co., Liverpool, sold by auction the Sir John Franklin expeditionary steamer *Isabel*, the conditions of sale withdrawing from the transaction a small mahogany-built ice-boat, laid down years ago under the instructions of Sir John Franklin himself, which accompanied the last expedition, and was with the party who found the Franklin relics, and which was much prized on these accounts by Lady Franklin. That boat was not included in the sale, but by some omission it remained on board the *Isabel*, and was taken away by the purchaser of that vessel, and ultimately all clew to the boat was lost. In the mean time Lady Franklin, with a devotion unparalleled, embarks the remnant of her fortune in a final expedition in search of her husband, and directs that this favorite boat, of the absence of which she has not been made aware, shall again take part in the explorations. Another effort to find it was ordered to be made. The matter was placed in the hands of Inspector Bates, of Liverpool, who, after many searching inquiries, obtains information from an old fisherman, which leads him, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, a person who can identify the missing boat, to a place called Llananheiran, about seven miles inland on the Welsh coast, and about sixteen miles from Carnarvon. There, in an inclosure something like a pinfold, and covered with dirt and filth, they find the little boat in the possession of a landsman who had been left in charge, but who, on hearing the case explained, made no attempt to resist the servants of the law. A cart was procured, and the boat was taken to Menai Bridge, where it was shipped in the next steamer for Liverpool, at which latter place it arrived on Wednesday, and was on Thursday forwarded by train to Aberdeen, where it arrived in time to join the expedition.

NET VALUE OF A FATHER.

We find the following report of the case of Craske *vs.* Smith in the London papers: "This was an action by the administrator of Edward Walker, to recover damages upon the ground that he had been killed through the negligence of the defendant's servant. The proceedings had been instituted for the benefit of the three children of the deceased, the eldest of whom was now fourteen years old, the next about three years, and the youngest sixteen months. The mother had died in childbed, and the children were, therefore, now left orphans. Deceased had been a journeyman painter, but he had been afflicted with paralysis in the hand, arising, it was supposed, from the use of white lead. He had, however, got strong enough to work, and had for some time been employed as a casual laborer in the Docks, at 2*s.* 6*d.* a day. On the 11th of December last, he was with about six hundred more men in Nightingale Lane, and they were all pressing to the Dock-gate, anxious to get work. A wagon laden with coals, belonging to the defendant, was at the time passing along the line, and it caught the deceased, and he fell under the wheel, and was so severely hurt that he died on the Sunday. The deceased, at the time of his death, was thirty-eight years old. The question in the cause was whether the defendant's servant had caused the death of Walker by his negligence, and upon that question evidence was given on both sides. It was said, on the one hand, that there had been negligence, and, on the other, that the man had acted in a careful and proper manner. The jury considered the matter for half an hour, and then gave a verdict for the plaintiff—damages 40*s.* Mr. Jones, the associate's clerk, inquired how the jury apportioned that sum among the children? The foreman said they gave it all to the youngest child. Mr. Jones told them that they could not do that—they must apportion the damages. The foreman then said it must be equally divided among the three children.

MISBEHAVIOR OF THE CREW OF THE NIAGARA.

The following is an extract of a letter dated Liverpool, July 3: "To-morrow a dinner is to be given at the Adelphi Hotel to the officers of the *Niagara* by a number of American merchants at this port; and to-morrow week they will be entertained at a banquet given at the same place by the American Chamber of Commerce. The operation of placing the Atlantic cable on board is proceeding with dispatch. While the officers of the *Niagara* are receiving marks of courtesy, the crew are falling into disgrace, owing to the repeated instances of "drunk and disorderlies" before the stipendiary magistrate, who to-day, in discharging one of them, intimated that they were a reproach to their country, and that he had never met with a worse set of tipplers and brawlers in his life."

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH VOTER.

The following curious evidence has just been taken in a contested election case:

Phelim Brennan, a voter of Mayo, stated that Father Richard Prendergast was the curate of his parish. On the Wednesday before the election Father Prendergast came to his house and canvassed him for Moore and Palmer. Witness said he should not like to vote for them, as his landlord did not go that way. On the night after, when he was in bed, some people came to him and told him to go with his clergyman or he would suffer for it. Witness took up his pitchfork to them, and they went away without doing him any harm. On the Sunday, after mass, Father Prendergast sent for him and some other voters, and again asked him to vote for Moore and Palmer. On that night, after he had been in bed about two hours, Father Richard and another priest, Father James, came to him and took him in a car to Father Richard's house. He was not willing to go on to the car, because he was not very well dressed, and because his mind was to vote for Colonel Higgins. He had taken an inch of liquor more than his due (laughter) and the priests helped him up. He sat quiet enough, being between the two clergymen, but they were singing and rowing for themselves. (Laughter.) They went to Father Richard's house, where he got plenty of drink, and was put to bed by a girl and a boy. (Laughter.) They were very kind to him. They gave him breakfast in the morning, and asked him to vote for Moore and Palmer. Witness said he would do as his master pleased, but if his master was not against it he would like to vote for Mr. Higgins. He went with Father Richard and Father James to Swinford, where they met other priests. They took him to the poll against his will. The priests told him that his soul would be in hell if he voted for Higgins. He then voted for Moore and Palmer. There were five or six priests behind him, and he could not tell which of them used the expression he had stated. It was whispered in his ear. On cross-examination the witness said he had voted for Moore and Higgins at the former election. The polling-booth was very full at the time he was spoken to about his soul. He could not say who spoke to him, but it was a clergyman. Re-examined: He intended to plump for Colonel Higgins.

FRANCE.

WILL THE REPUBLICANS TAKE THE OATH?

The question now remains as to whether the five Democratic deputies for Paris—namely Carnot, Cavaignac, Darimon, Goudchaux, and Ollivier—will take the oath to the Constitution and the Emperor, an indispensable preliminary to their sitting in the Legislative Corps. Of two—namely Darimon and Ollivier—no doubt is entertained of their doing so; of Goudchaux and Carnot following their example there is great probability; of General Cavaignac—the most important of all—there is still some, but not much doubt. The electors who voted for them are certainly desirous they should take the oath; and even the ragmen, who form the bulk of M. Darimon's constituents, would not have come to the ballot except on that understanding. The taking the oath to a Government which is as opposed to the principles of all is a matter for their own conscience, but the taking it with, as is stated by their friends, the mental reservation of keeping it as the President of the Republic kept his to the Constitution of 1848, would be an act of very questionable morality. Whatever may be its character or its value, the Imperial Government is decidedly the issue of universal suffrage, and those who have always appealed to it can not now complain because it has not given them a *régime* to their own taste. It is said in official quarters that at a late meeting of some of the exiled chiefs of parties, among whom were several Orleanists, the question was fully discussed, and the decision was in favor of General Cavaignac's submitting to that test; and by some of his warmest partisans it is said that if he refuse it he is lost as a public man. Between this and the meeting of the Chambers there is ample time for reflection. Of the ten electoral districts of Paris five of them have returned Democratic candidates, and it will take the immense majority the Government have obtained in the departments to console them for this untoward event.

BERANGER'S ILLNESS.

The Empress, on hearing of the illness which placed the life of Béranger in danger, sent M. Damas-Hinard her private secretary, to express her sympathy for the sufferer. Notwithstanding his serious state, Béranger signified his desire to receive her Majesty's secretary. Extended on a sofa, his face pale and shrunken, his eyes half-closed, Béranger raised his hand to take that of M. Damas-Hinard, who told him in whose name he had come to condole with him on his sufferings. "Her Majesty is very good," said Béranger, in a feeble voice. "It was very natural," replied M. Damas-Hinard, "that the Empress should send to you. You were one of the delights of her youth, and to her admiration for the poet are united esteem and affection for the man." While M. Damas-Hinard was speaking, the countenance of Béranger brightened up, and he said, "The Empress is very kind. She has passed nobly through the different phases of her life, and now, in the exalted station in which she is placed, she gives proof of an excellent heart. Do not fail," added Béranger, "to express to her all my gratitude." It is very touching to see the popular poet who has said:

Je n'ai jamais flatté que l'infortune,

receive this mark of august sympathy, the only recompense worthy of the poet so patriotically inspired by the glory and the misfortunes of the Empire.

MADAME CASTIGLIONE AGAIN.

A Paris letter-writer says:

"Notwithstanding the very malicious reports about a simultaneous movement on Plombières on the part of that dangerous siren, the Comtesse de Castiglione, whose striking portrait adorns the walls of the Exhibition of Modern Art in the Palais de l'Industrie, the Emperor did not take his leave of St. Cloud, and the imperial mistress he has enthroned there, without many a tender embrace and tearful demonstration. The lovely eyes of Eugenie were *rouges* and cheeks very pale as soon as the sound of the imperial parting wheels died on her ear. It says much for Napoleon that, in addition to other more brilliant qualities, he should possess that of riveting the attachment of all who have access to him. In this respect he differs greatly from his cousin, Prince Napoleon, who, though so greatly resembling his immortal ancestor in feature, is in that particular unlike him. It is observed that of late flattering artists, in reproductions of the portrait of the grand Napoleon, manage to throw into it an expression, if not a feature, which has some affinity with that of his successor on the imperial throne, whose legitimacy is so strongly questioned, and that especially the portraits of the imperial Prince are made to give back an unmistakable resemblance. Nothing, in fact, could so effectually contradict the calumny as that the descendant of Queen Hortense in the second generation should be strongly marked with the features of a Bonaparte."

THE NEGRO-APPRENTICE SCHEME KILLED.

Considerable sensation has been excited by the project contemplated by the French Government of introducing 10,000 free African laborers into Martinique. It appears, however, from the following in the *Assemblée Nationale* that the design in question has not met the approval of the Council-General of the above colony, and that it will therefore, in all probability, be allowed to drop to the ground:

"The Council-General of Martinique, having been consulted by the Government with respect to the project of introducing into that colony 10,000 Africans, engaged as laborers for a certain number of years, has replied: 'That it opposes in principle this emigration of Africans, but that it nevertheless accepts the consequences of the contract made by the Minister of Marine with the firm of Régis, of Marseilles, for the introduction, as a trial, of 800 Africans, inasmuch as that contract is definitive and irrevocable. The council begs that the minister will annul the contract concluded with the firm of Régis, in virtue of the right reserved to him, so that the introduction of Africans may not exceed that number. It desires that, in order to remedy the actual recruitment of laborers among Asiatic races, the monopoly granted to the company styled "maritime" should cease, and that every vessel bringing Indians to Martinique, in conformity with the laws and regulations concerning emigration, shall receive the usual premium. It proposes, moreover, to grant a higher premium to those Indians who, at the expiration of their five years' engagement, may consent to contract a new one.' These resolutions are eminently prudent, in our opinion, and they prove that the *Assemblée Nationale* had well understood the interests of the colonists. One of the members of the council who opposed the ministerial project with the greatest warmth is of African origin. He regarded the question in its most elevated point of view, and proved that nothing could be more injurious to the most numerous portion of the colonial population than this introduction of uncultivated savages."

ANOTHER NEWSPAPER SUSPENDED.

The *Moniteur* contains a decree signed by the Minister of the Interior, calling attention to the fact that the *Assemblée Nationale*, having been already three times warned and once suspended for two months, published on the 7th of July an article headed "*Un dernier Mot sur les Elections*," which contained "false and malevolent allegations," inasmuch as it insinuated that the most entire liberty did not preside at the recent contested elections. The Government, unable to allow the 5,000,000 electors who voted in its favor in all parts of France to be thus calumniated with impunity, declares the *Assemblée Nationale* suspended for two months from the 8th of July. The same paper contains a second warning to the *Estafette* for an article which attacks the constitutional authority of 5,000,000 of voters, inasmuch as it refuses to respect the rights of the majority, such respect being a fundamental principle which a minority can not be permitted to deny.

A NEW LEGACY.

The *Moniteur du Calvados* states that a workman of Orne, in that department, having read in some foolish book of the great properties possessed by a rope which had served to hang a man, committed suicide and left behind him the following note: "Farewell, my wife and children! As I have no fortune to bequeath you, I leave you an article which will enable you to succeed in all you attempt. Divide among you the rope with which I have hanged myself."

VALUE OF A LEG IN PARIS.

An employé of the Pompes Funèbres (establishment for performing funerals) was, in September, 1855, while presiding over a funeral, knocked down by one of the mourning coaches in the Rue Notre Dames des Victoires, and had his leg broken in such a way that he will be lame for life. He brought an action before the Civil Tribunal against the Administration des Pompes Funèbres to obtain damages, on the ground that the accident had been occasioned by the imprudence of the driver of the coach, their servant; and the Tribunal, finding that imprudence really had been committed, awarded him 25,000 francs damages. Thinking this sum too large, the administration appealed to the Imperial Court to obtain a reduction of it, but the court decided that it should be paid.

THE LATEST CHEVALIER D'INDUSTRIE.

A man, some time ago, started an office, which he called the "Speculateur," for making Bourse operations, and he issued prospectuses and advertisements, announcing that he had discovered an infallible plan of always gaining, so that persons confiding their capital to him might rely on seeing it doubled, tripled, and even sometimes increased ten-fold within a given time. The "Speculateur" seemed to prosper, for the man occupied a splendidly-furnished apartment in the Rue Vivienne, gave grand parties, kept horses, had two or three dashing mistresses, rented boxes at the theatre, etc.; and the persons who confided their money to him seemed also well satisfied, as he distributed among them, from time to time, considerable dividends. But the police deemed it advisable to call on him to give some explanations respecting his operations. This summons so terrified him that he decamped. His books having been examined, it turned out that he was an impudent swindler, having appropriated the money intrusted to him to his own purposes, and the sums which he had distributed as profits having really been taken from the capital. It turned out, too, that some of his dupes had been so weak as to confide to him such large sums as 25,000 francs, 50,000 francs, and even 200,000 francs. In taking to flight the man carried off with him a considerable amount in bank-notes. It was further discovered that the man did not pass by his real name, and that, in 1842, he had been condemned to imprisonment for having, in conjunction with a noted female swindler calling herself the Countess de Mirambo, robbed a jeweler of a set of diamonds.

A LOVER'S VENGEANCE.

A workman, eighteen years of age, recently fell in love with a young woman named Victorine, living in the Rue de Vaugirard, and she, though somewhat his senior, encouraged his addresses; but a few days back she notified to him that she could not think of marrying him, on account of his youth, and that his visits must cease. He remonstrated, but all in vain; and on his making inquiries, he learned that she had taken up with a new lover. This plunged him into despair, and he determined on vengeance, but his mode of effecting it was rather grotesque. The other day, having been informed that she had gone into the country with her new lover, he went to her lodgings, of which he had retained a key, and killed, by repeated stabs from a poniard, her dog, a beautiful English spaniel, to which he knew she was greatly attached. And in imitation of the *francs juges* of the Middle Ages, he left the poniard sticking in the body of the victim, with a paper attached to it setting forth why he had executed the sanguinary deed! On her return home the young woman was horrified to find the floor of her chamber covered with blood, and the dead body of the dog lying in the midst. She laid a complaint to the commissary of police, and he caused the young workman to be arrested.

SPAIN.

A HORRIBLE BUTCHERY.

The Spanish journals relate a horrible and almost incredible story: Ten nights ago a man, armed with a hatchet, entered the house of a young widow of Almaguer, a village in the province of Toledo, and, without saying a word, split open the skull of the servant girl, after which he dragged her dead body to the stable, and covered it with straw. Then he went to the chamber of the widow, and, awakening her from her sleep, commanded her to give him 16,000 reals, which, he said, he knew she had received; she, being terrified, gave the money. He then ordered her to take him into the cellar, where, he said, he knew she had money buried; and when she had arrived there, he tied her hands behind her back, and hanged her by the neck to a beam! When she was dead he chopped off her arms, legs, and head with his hatchet! Fearing that the widow's child, a girl of five years of age, might make revelations, he with the hatchet murdered her also, and split her body into two portions! The *gendarmes* on learning these atrocities went in pursuit of the assassin, and captured him; he immediately, with great coolness, detailed the preceding particulars.

AFRICA.

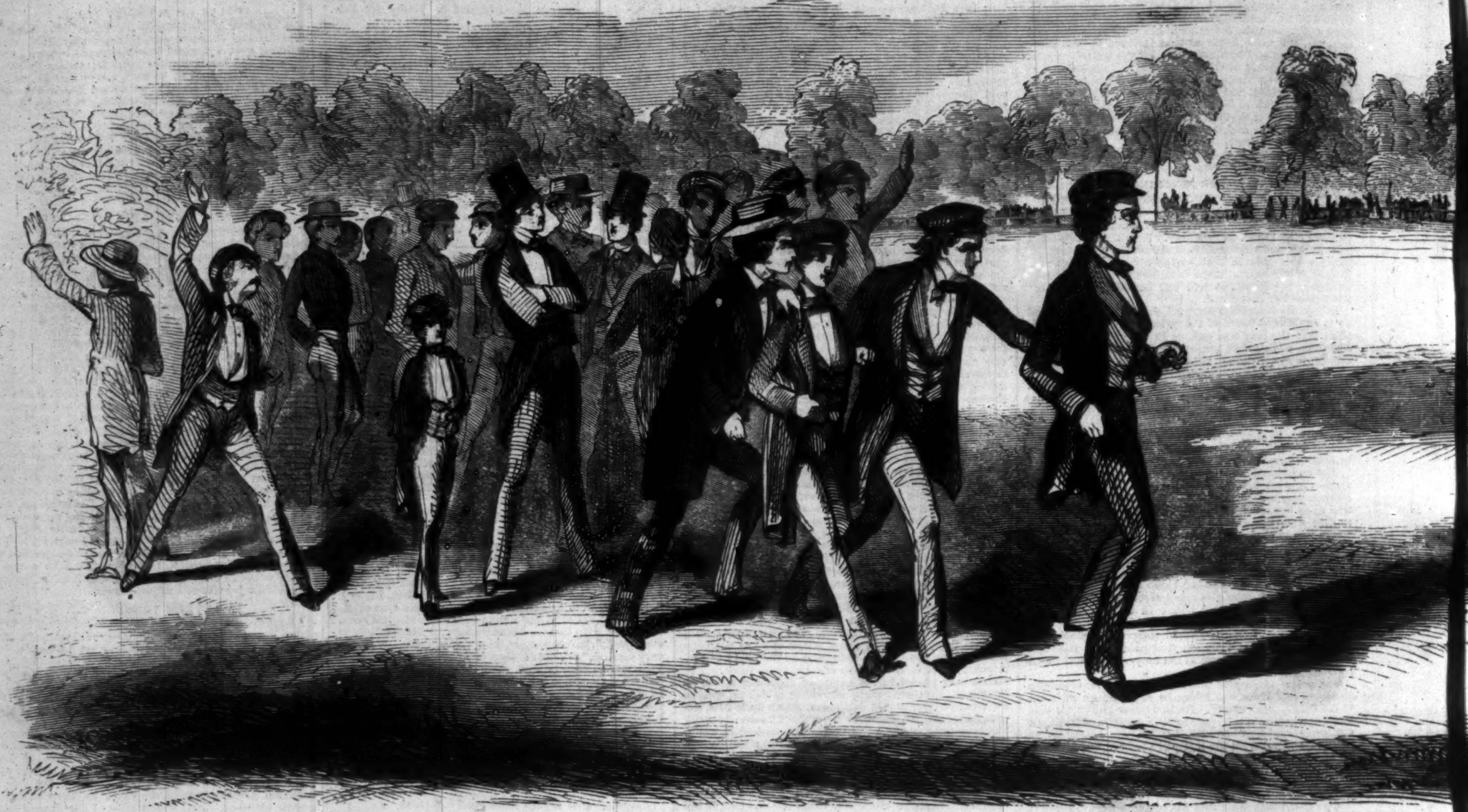
MOHAMMEDAN INTOLERANCE.

A letter from Tunis of the 30th ult. gives details of the extraordinary execution of a Jew for alleged blasphemy of the Mohammedan religion; the story shows that the old blood-thirstiness of the people of Tunis has not altogether subsided:

"A Jew carter was a few days ago driving his vehicle along a faubourg of Tunis, when, on arriving at one of the gates, his horse stumbled, and in doing so threw the cart on one side in such a way as nearly to touch a young Mussulman who happened to be passing. The Mussulman immediately heaped invectives on the Jew, and the latter, who was heated with drink, replied angrily. What the Jew actually said is not known, but the young Mussulman cried out that he had been guilty of blasphemy by cursing the law of the Prophet! This declaration was heard by several persons, and immediately the news that an Israelite had blasphemed Mohammed spread like wild-fire among the fanatical population of the neighborhood. A large crowd instantly assembled, and began ill-treating the unfortunate Jew, and two men of the law who were present immediately drew up a written record of the act which eighty persons at least signed, alleging that they had heard the blasphemy with their own ears! With great difficulty the Jew was rescued from the mob, and carried before the *douleki* (justice of the peace). That functionary, after hearing the charge, ordered him to be cast into prison, and he made a report on the matter to the Bey. The Bey referred the matter to the *charra*, a tribunal composed of all the chiefs of the Mussulman religion. That body heard the eighty witnesses, and, without paying any attention to the denial of the Jew, or to his declaration that he was intoxicated, unanimously declared him guilty of blasphemy, and condemned him to death! In appearing before the tribunal, the poor wretch was heavily chained hand and foot, and had, besides, chains round his neck and body, placed in such a way that he could not move without pain. He had, indeed, been kept thus chained ever since his arrest.

MASSACRE OF THE JEW.

The French Consul made an energetic protest, but it produced no effect. No sooner had he gone than the Jew, who had been brought to La Marsa and placed in a dungeon which is set apart to persons condemned to death, was brought in, and the sentence was read to him. The executioners immediately dragged the man to the place of punishment, and there a scene of a most horrible kind took place. The condemned was beaten in different parts of his person with the flat of a sword, stabbed in seventeen places, and otherwise brutally ill-treated; then his head was severed from his body; and when this was done, the populace, who had been yelling round the victim like tigers, seized the head, dragged out the eyes, and with poniards hacked off the ears and nose, which they threw to the dogs! They then barbarously mutilated the body, and loaded it with stones. It was not until some hours after that the Jews of Tunis were able to obtain the remains of the victim to bury them. On arriving at the town they found a furious mob assembled at the gates, with the intention, as is supposed, of dragging the remains through the gutters; but by a stratagem of the Jews, the mob were balked in their horrible designs. It should be stated that the Consuls of the European Powers represented at Tunis joined their efforts to those of the French Consul to save the man.



THE MATCH BETWEEN SOP

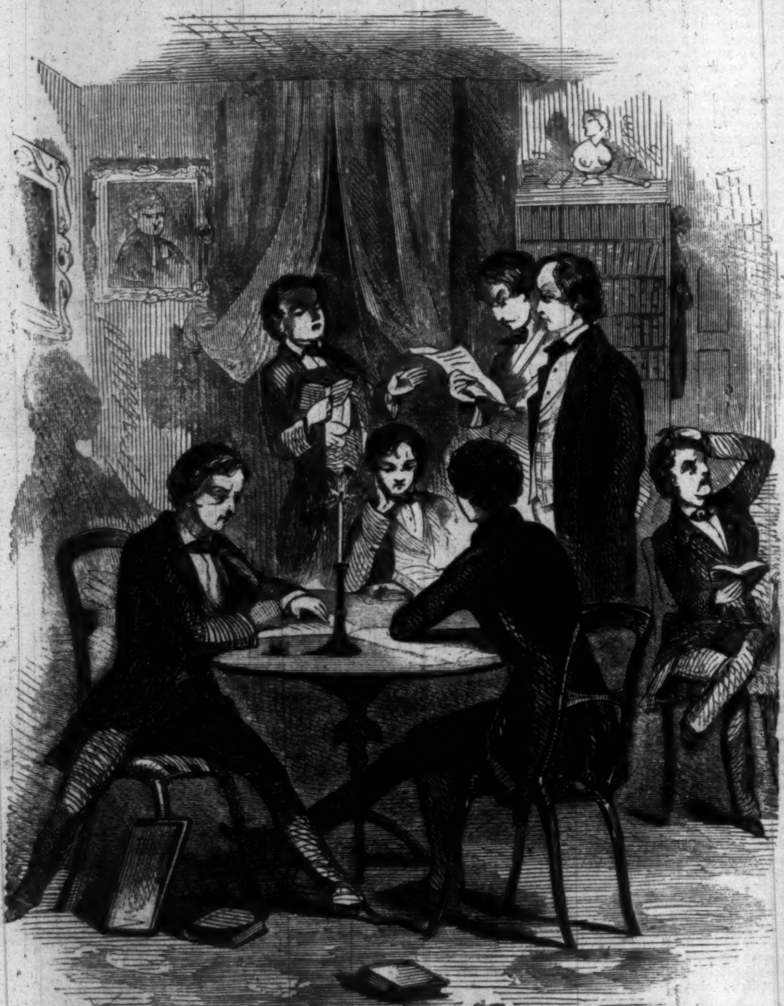
COLLEGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

The daily papers are full of accounts of Lord Napier's speech on Commemoration-day at Harvard; and we have thought the occasion good for publishing some illustrations of college life.

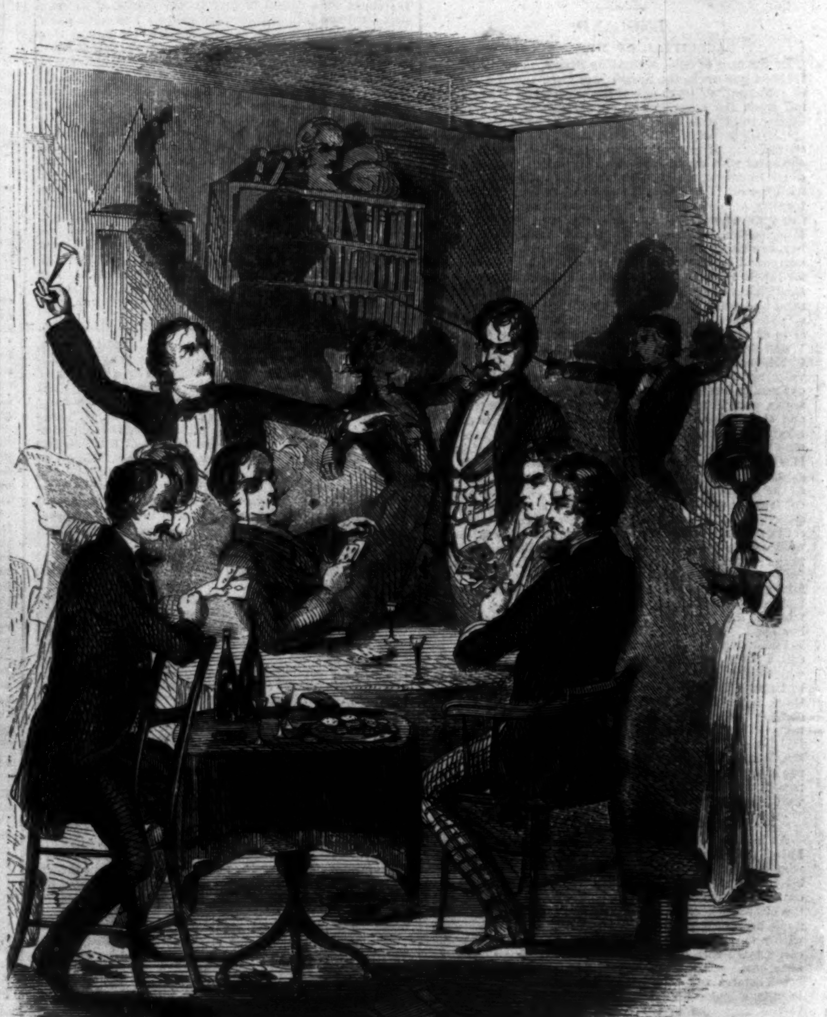
An impression prevails that our colleges are vastly inferior to similar institutions in Europe. It is commonly remarked that our requirements at the hands as well of teachers as of students are below a reasonable average; that at college young men prosecute their studies with less ardor than students in England or Germany; and that, as a necessary result, our crop of first-class scholars is far below that of England, Germany, or indeed any other first-rate nation.

Two leading distinctions between American college life and college life in Europe strike the eye at first blush. Our colleges are for boys; theirs for young men. The average age at which students matriculate at the universities of New England is fifteen; eighteen may be an average in England and Germany. Their young men go to college at the time ours leave. Now, at eighteen, there are but few men who possess their thirst for knowledge which is essential to marked success; how much fewer at fifteen! Again, at the colleges in England, respect for the college authorities and regard for collegiate honors are ingrained in every student's mind. A dashing student may make game of this unwieldy Don or that absurd Proctor; but a student who should mock at a scholarship or a double-first would be regarded as insane. Conservatism is inherent in British collegians, and, as a part of that system, they would not tolerate, as a body, any thing like disrespect to the parchment honors of a collegiate career, or even levity on the score of classical or mathematical excellence. A good classic or mathematician is as much esteemed by the students of Oxford or Cambridge as a stout oarsman or a bold rider.

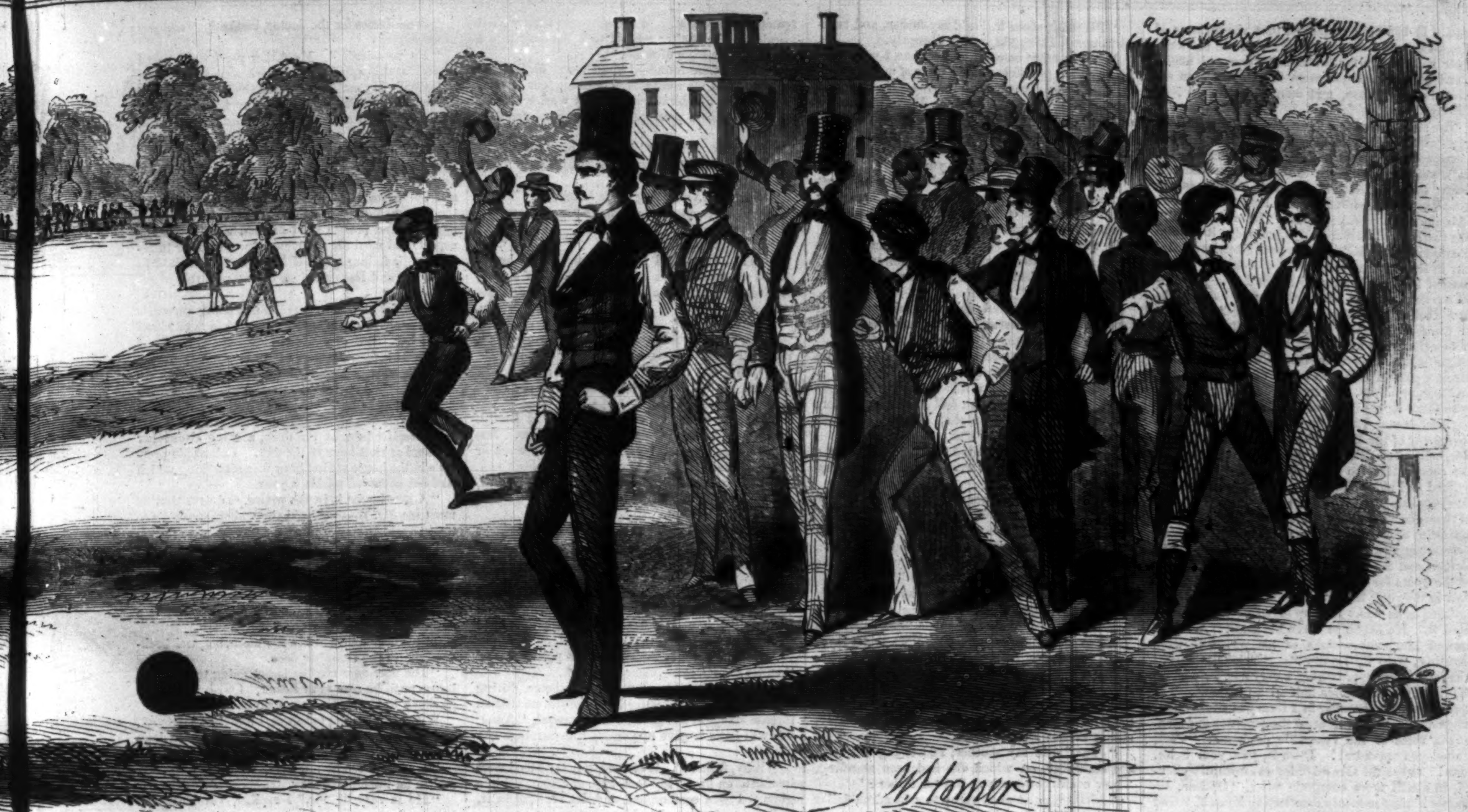
With us, on the contrary, familiarity and recklessness have bred a species of contempt for collegiate honors. No man in this country likes to own that he is a graduate or an M.A. unless, perchance, he sell dry goods. Parchments are so cheap that one must be very poor not to own one or two. They are leveled, every year, at the heads of involuntary recipients, who have as much claim to their possession as the oystermen of Newark Bay. Nor are the more vulgar honors of bachelorships in any wise more highly prized. A very moderate degree of application and a very slender share of ability render the degree a matter of certainty; how could it be valued? The only honors which it is believed that our students really prize are those



FRESHMEN.



SOPHS.

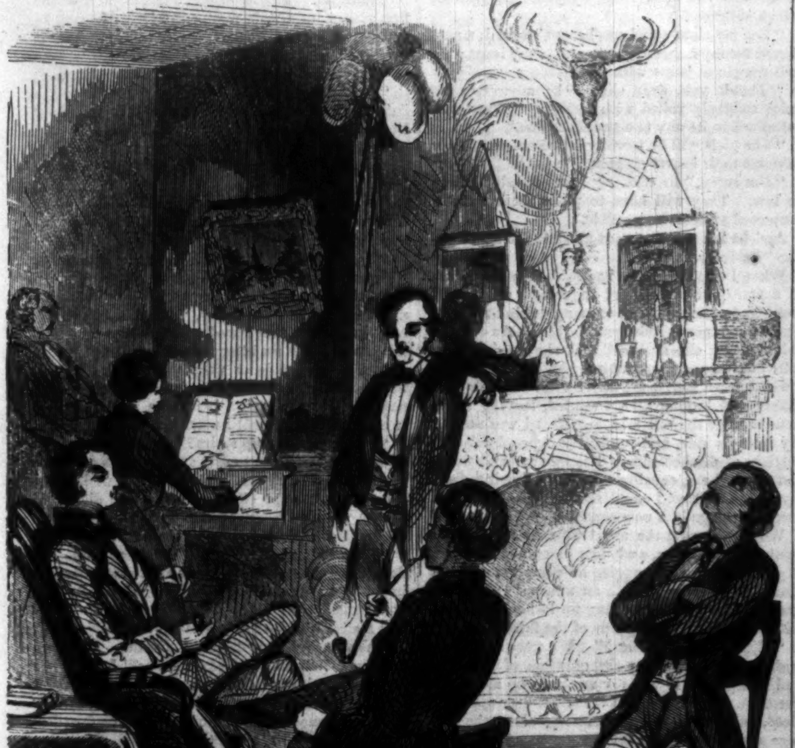


RESHMEN—THE OPENING.

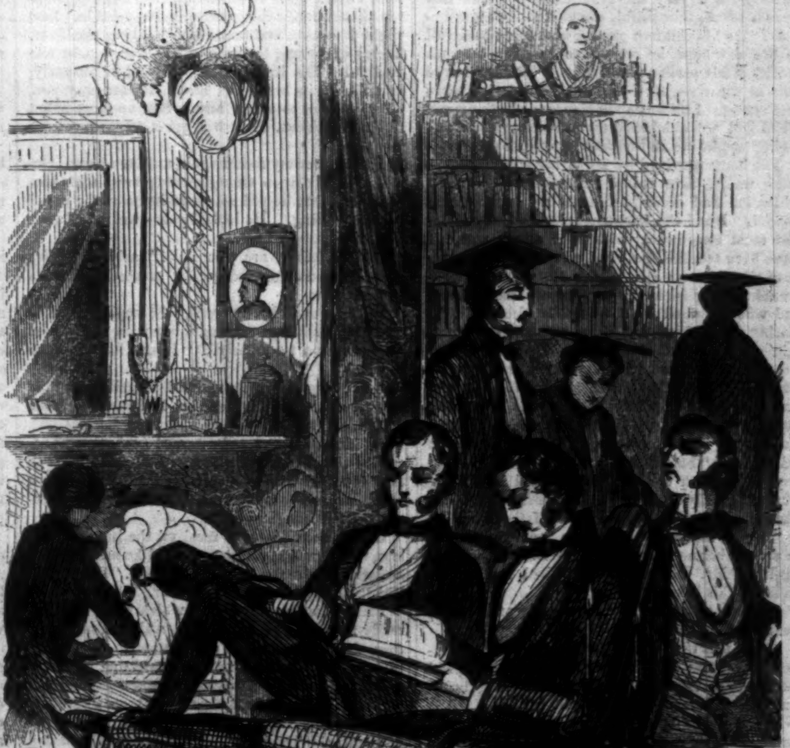
which are conferred by their fellow-students—rank in the college clubs and debating societies, fame in the college newspaper, and a conspicuous post in those celebrations which, under the name of commencements, commemorations, and anniversaries, are the real mile-stones in the collegiate race. Our youths of sixteen set a high value on the production of a commonplace essay in turgid language, or the production of a poem in halting verse and borrowed thought; but the more solid advantages of mathematical knowledge and classical attainments touch their ambition but slightly.

Where change is not apparently feasible, comparison and criticism are futile. It is not likely that our colleges will adopt the English system any more than they ours. We may hope, indeed, that as the country advances, and the class of persons devoted to intellectual pursuits on disinterested grounds spreads, some one of our colleges may seek and attain distinction as a higher institution than its rivals in point of scholarship—a sort of refuge for the most cultivated minds of the country; and some expect that this will be old Columbia. Such an institution would be decidedly a gain to the country. But that all our colleges will alter their system to resemble Oxford and Cambridge more nearly, we have no faith, and indeed no desire. Despite all that has been written on the subject of classical education, it is still an open question whether the study of Pindar and Ovid be the best possible occupation for youth between the ages of sixteen and nineteen. It is well understood by thinking men that the grand advantage of such studies—the final argument of the advocates of the classics—may be claimed with equal force by the partisans of studies of the modern languages; in a word, young men would train their minds as usefully by studying German and French (which would be of practical use to them hereafter) as they do by studying Greek—which is of no use to them in after life. In like manner, it is doubtful whether the mathematical studies which occupy a large portion of the three last collegiate years would not be advantageously exchanged for a practical course of mechanics, botany, geology, or chemistry.

Still, while there are abundant reasons for not following British example, there are none for not remedying the defects which are admitted on all hands to characterize our own system. It is greatly to be feared that the remark of the Professor of Botany at Yale, "Mr. Monitor, be so good as to look sharp, *another* gentleman has just jumped out of the window," is applicable to a great many of our collegiate courses. Nor is it doubtful but politics absorb far too much of our students' atten-



JUNIORS.



SENIORS.

tion. It has been remarked that the farmers of Kentucky and Ohio—many of whom can not write their names—are far better statesmen and understand political science more thoroughly than the lawyers, clergymen, and men of letters of New England.

The illustration which crowns these pages suggests another defect of our system. It is deficient in respect of physical training. That game of foot-ball, which we are happy to say is not yet extinct, ought to be a matter of as much concern as the Greek or mathematical prize. Indeed of the two it is the more useful exercise. Here the English are vastly our superiors. At Cambridge it is quite common for a senior wrangler to be likewise stroke-oar in the college boat; and a well-known statesman of England is remembered for having thrashed a potent butcher, after forty-three rounds, within a week of his taking a double-first. A professor at Cambridge, whose name it is hardly necessary to mention when we say that he is a walking encyclopædia, and the first mathematician in England, albeit a pious divine, and a man of staid character and devout habits, happened to be taking his constitutional on the banks of the river at the time of the boat-race. The river is narrow; a dexterous movement of the tiller, when the boats are side by side, will often decide the race by driving one of the competitors too near the bank. Well, this learned and pious churchman, having sauntered to the river-side just as the boats were passing, watched them for a moment with a calm face. Soon, old memories of by-gone contests rushed into his mind—the struggle fired his blood; he was seen to clench his fists and to walk with firmer tread. He followed the boats for a few paces. As they came to a turn in the river he actually ran, in full collegiate costume as he was. His cap blew off—he never noticed it. He began to wave his arms. A crowd around him, unconscious of his presence, were shouting, "Go it, Trinity!" "Yoicks, Caius!" The boats were approaching a very narrow part of the river, the Caius men half a length ahead. The spectators were shouting in a frenzy of excitement, when above the tumult arose the sonorous and stentorian voice of the venerable professor: "Port, Caius, you scoundrel! D—n it, port your helm, man!" and as the shrewd order was instantly obeyed, in a still more energetic voice, "Optime, Johannes!" then suddenly recollecting himself, "God bless me, gentlemen, I have forgotten myself!" and the old gentleman walked off at a round pace, blushing like a girl, amidst the vociferous applause of the students.

We had rather chronicle a great boat-race at Harvard or Yale, or a cricket-match with the United States Eleven, than all the prize poems or the orations on Lafayette that are produced in half a century.

MY FATHER.

I have a very early recollection of my father as a cheerful man, and of our home as a place full of the heart's warmest sunshine. But the father of my childhood and the father of my more advanced years wore a very different exterior. He had grown silent, thoughtful, abstracted, but not morose. As his children sprung up around him, full of life and hope, he seemed to lose the buoyant spirits of his earlier manhood. I did not observe this at the time, for I had not learned to observe and reflect. Life was a simple state of enjoyment. Trial had not quickened my perceptions, nor suffering taught me an unselfish regard for others.

The home provided by my father was elegant—some would have called it luxurious. On our education and accomplishments no expense was spared. I had the best teachers—and, of course, the most expensive; with none others would I have been satisfied, for I had come naturally to regard myself as on a social equality with the fashionable young friends who were my companions, and who indulged the fashionable vice of depreciating every thing that did not come up to a certain acknowledged standard. Yearly I went to Saratoga or Newport with my sisters, and at a cost which I now think of with amazement. Sometimes my mother went with us, but my father never. He was not able to leave his business. Business! How I came to dislike the word! It was always "business" when we asked him to go any where with us; business hurried him away from his hastily-eaten meals; business absorbed all his thoughts, and robbed us of our father.

"I wish father would give up business," I said to my mother one day, "and take some comfort of his life. Mr. Woodworth has retired, and is now living on his income."

My mother looked at me strangely and sighed, but answered nothing.

About this time my father showed some inclination to repress our growing disposition to spend money extravagantly in dress. Nothing but a hundred-dollar shawl would suit my ideas. Ada White had been presented by her father with a hundred-dollar cashmere, and I did not mean to be put off with any thing less.

"Father, I want a hundred dollars," said I to him one morning as he was leaving the house, after eating his light breakfast. He had grown dyspeptic, and had to be careful and sparing in his diet.

"A hundred dollars!" He looked surprised; in fact I noticed that my request made him start. "What do you want with so much money?"

"I have nothing seasonable to wear," said I, very firmly; "and as I must have a shawl, I might as well get a good one while I am about it. I saw one at Stewart's yesterday that is just the thing. Ada White's father gave her a shawl exactly like it, and you must let me have the money to buy this one. It will last my lifetime."

"Isn't a hundred dollars a large price for a shawl?" inquired my father, in his sober way.

"Oh, dear, no!" was my emphatic answer; "a hundred dollars is a low price for a shawl. Jane Wharton's cost five hundred."

"I'll think about it," said my father, and turned from me, I thought, rather abruptly.

When he came home at dinner-time I was alone in the parlor, practicing a new piece of music which my fashionable teacher had left me. He was paid three dollars for every lesson. My father smiled as he laid a hundred-dollar bill on the keys of the piano. I started up, and kissing him, said, with the ardor of a pleased girl,

"What a dear, good father you are!"

The return was ample. He always seemed most pleased when he could gratify some wish or supply some want of his children. Ah! if we had been less selfish—less exacting!

It was hardly to be expected that my sisters would see me the possessor of a hundred-dollar shawl, and not desire a like addition to their own wardrobes.

"I want a hundred dollars," said my sister Jane, on the next morning, as my father was about leaving for his store.

"Can't spare it to-day, my child," I heard him answer, kindly but firmly.

"Oh, but I must have it!" urged my sister.

"I gave you twenty-five dollars only day before yesterday," my father replied to this. "What have you done with that?"

"Spent it for gloves and laces," said Jane, in a light way, as if the sum were of the smallest possible consequence.

"I am not made of money, child." The tone of my father's voice struck me as unusually sober—almost sad. But Jane replied instantly, and with something of reproach and complaint in her tones,

"I shouldn't think you were, if you find it so hard to part with a hundred dollars."

"I have a large payment to make to-day"—my father spoke with unusual decision of manner—"and shall need every dollar that I can raise."

"You gave sister a hundred dollars yesterday," said Jane, almost petulantly.

Not a word of reply did my father make. I was looking at him, and saw an expression in his countenance that was new to me—an expression of pain, mingled with fear. He turned away slowly, and in silence left the house.

"Jane," said my mother, addressing her from the stair-way, on which she had been standing, "how could you speak so to your father?"

"I have just as good right to a hundred-dollar shawl as Anna!" replied my sister in a very undutiful tone. "And what is more, I'm going to have one."

"What reason did your father give for refusing your request to-day?" asked my mother.

"Couldn't spare the money! Had a large payment to make! Only an excuse!"

"Stop, my child!" was the quick, firm remark, made with unusual feeling. "Is that the way to speak of so good a father? Of one who has ever been so kindly indulgent? Jane! Jane! You know not what you are saying!"

My sister looked something abashed at this unexpected rebuke, when my mother took occasion to add, with an earnestness of manner that I could not help remarking as singular,

"Your father is troubled about something. What it is, I know not. Business may not be going on to his satisfaction, a thing not quite improbable. Last night I awoke, and found him walking the floor. To my questions, he merely answered that he was wakeful. His health is not as good as formerly, and his spirits are low. Don't, let me pray you, do any thing to worry him. Say no more about this money, Jane. You will get it whenever it can be spared."

I did not see my father again until tea-time. Occasionally, business engagements pressed upon him so closely that he did not come home at the usual hour for dining. He looked pale—weary—almost haggard.

"Dear father, are you sick?" said I, laying a hand upon him, and gazing earnestly into his countenance.

"I do not feel very well," he replied, partly averting his face, as if he did not wish me to read its expression too closely. "I have had a weary day."

"You must take more recreation," said I. "This excessive devotion to business is destroying your health. Why will you do it, father?"

He merely sighed as he passed onward, and ascended to his own room. At tea-time I observed that his face was unusually sober. His silence was nothing uncommon; and so that passed without remark from any one.

On the next day Jane received the hundred dollars, which was spent for a shawl like mine. This brought the sunshine back to her face. Her moody looks, I saw, disturbed my father.

From this time the hand which had ever been ready to supply all our wants, real or imaginary, opened less promptly at our demands. My father talked occasionally of retrenchment and economy when some of our extravagant bills came in; but we paid little heed to his remarks on this head. Where could we retrench? In what could we economize? The very idea was absurd. We had nothing that others, moving in our circle, did not have. Our house and furniture would hardly compare favorably with the houses and furniture of many of our fashionable friends. We dressed no better, indeed not so well as dozens of our acquaintances. Retrenchment and economy! I remember laughing with my sisters at the words, and wondering with them what could be coming over our father. In a half-amused way we enumerated the various items of imaginary reform, beginning at the annual summer recreations, and ending with our milliner's bills. In mock seriousness, we proposed to take the places of cook, chambermaid, and waiter, and thus save these items of expense in the family. We had quite a merry time over our fancied reforms.

But our father was serious. Steadily he persisted in what seemed to us a growing penuriousness. Every demand for money seemed to give him a partial shock, and every dollar that came to us was parted with reluctantly. All this was something new; but we thought less than we felt about it. Our father seemed to be getting into a very singular state of mind.

Summer came round—I shall never forget that summer—and we commenced making our annual preparations for Saratoga. Money was, of course, an indispensable prerequisite. I asked for fifty dollars.

"For what purpose?" inquired my father.

"I haven't a single dress fit to appear in away from home," said I.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

I thought the question a strange one, and replied, a little curtly,

"To Saratoga, of course."

"Oh!" It seemed new to him. Then he repeated my words, in a questioning kind of a way, as if his mind were not altogether satisfied on the subject.

"To Saratoga?"

"Yes, Sir. To Saratoga. We always go there. We shall close the season at Newport this year."

"Who else is going?" My father's manner was strange. I had never seen him just in the mood he then appeared to be.

"Jane is going, of course; and so is Emily. And we are trying to persuade mother, also. She didn't go last year. Won't you spend a week or two with us? Now do say yes."

My father shook his head at this last proposal, and said "No, child!" very decidedly.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I have something of more importance to think about than Saratoga and its fashionable follies."

"Business! business!" said I, impatiently. "It is the Moloch, father, to which you sacrifice every social pleasure, every home delight, every good! Already you have laid health and happiness upon the bloody altars of this false god!"

A few quick flushes went over his pale face, and then its expression became very sad.

"Anna," he said, after a brief silence, during which even my unpracticed eyes could see that an intense struggle was going on in his mind, "Anna, you will have to give up your visit to Saratoga this year."

"Why, father!" It seemed as if my blood were instantly on fire. My face was, of course, all in a glow. I was confounded, and, let me confess it, indignant; it seemed so like a tyrannical outrage.

"It is simply as I say, my daughter." He spoke without visible excitement. "I can not afford the expense this season, and you will, therefore, all have to remain in the city."

"That's impossible!" said I. "I couldn't live here through the summer."

"*I* manage to live!" There was a tone in my father's voice, as he uttered these simple words, partly to himself, that rebuked me. Yes, he did manage to live, but *how?* Witness his pale face, wasted form, subdued aspect, brooding silence, habitual abstraction of mind!

"*I* manage to live!" I hear the rebuking words even now—the tones in which they were uttered are in my ears. Dear father! Kind, tender, indulgent, long-suffering, self-denying! Ah, how little were you understood by your thoughtless, selfish children!

"Let my sisters and mother go," said I, a new regard for my father springing up in my heart; "I will remain at home with you."

"Thank you, dear child!" he answered, his voice suddenly vailed with feeling. "But I can not afford to let any one go this season."

"The girls will be terribly disappointed. They have set their hearts on going," said I.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But necessity knows no law. They will have to make themselves as contented at home as possible."

And he left me, and went away to his all-exacting "business."

When I stated what he had said, my sisters were in a transport of mingled anger and disappointment, and gave utterance to many unkind remarks against our good, indulgent father. As for my oldest sister, she declared that she would go in spite of him, and proposed our visiting the store of a well-known merchant, where we often made purchases, and buying all we wanted, leaving directions to have the bill sent in. But I was now on my father's side, and resolutely opposed all suggestions of disobedience. His manner and words had touched me, causing some scales to drop from my vision, so that I could see in a new light, and perceive things in a new aspect.

We waited past the usual time for my father's coming on that day, and then dined without him. A good deal to our surprise he came home about four o'clock, entering with an unusual quiet manner even for him, and going up to his own room without speaking to any one of the family.

"Was that your father?" We were sitting together, still discussing the question of Saratoga and Newport. It was my mother who asked the question. We had heard the street-door open and close, and had also heard footsteps along the passage and up the stairs.

"It is too early for him to come home," I answered.

My mother looked at her watch, and remarked, as a shade of concern flitted over her face,

"It certainly was your father. I can not be mistaken in his step. What can have brought him home so early? I hope he is not sick." And she arose and went hastily from the room. I followed, for a sudden fear came into my heart.

"Edward! what ails you? Are you sick?" I heard my mother ask, in an alarmed voice, as I came into her room. My father had laid himself across the bed, and his face was concealed by a pillow, into which it was buried deeply.

"Edward! Edward! Husband! What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Oh, father! dear father!" I cried, adding my voice to my mother's, and bursting into tears. I grasped his hand; it was very cold. I leaned over, and, pressing down the pillow, touched his face. It was cold also, and clammy with perspiration.

"Send James for the doctor, instantly," said my mother.

"No, no—don't." My father partially aroused himself at this, speaking in a thick, unnatural voice.

"Go!" My mother repeated the injunction, and I flew down stairs with the order for James, our waiter, to go in all haste for the family physician. When I returned, my mother, her face all wet with tears, was endeavoring to remove some of my father's outer garments. Together we took off his coat, waistcoat, and boots, he making no resistance, and appearing to be in a partial stupor, as if under the influence of some drug. We chafed his hands and feet, and bathed his face, that wore a deathly aspect, and used all the means in our power to rekindle the failing spark of life. But he seemed to grow less and less conscious of external things every moment.

When the physician came he had many questions to ask as to the cause of the state in which he found my father. But we could answer none of them. I watched his face intently, noting every varying expression, but saw nothing to inspire confidence. He seemed both troubled and perplexed. Almost his first act was to bleed copiously.

Twice, before the physician came, had my father been inquired for at the door, a thing altogether unusual at that hour of the day. Indeed his presence in the house at that hour was something which had not occurred within a year.

"A gentleman is in the parlor, and says that he must see Mr. W——," said the waiter, speaking to me in a whisper, soon after the physician's arrival.

"Did you tell him that father was very ill?" said I.

"Yes; but he says that he must see him, sick or well."

"Go down and tell him that father is not in a state to be seen by any one."

The waiter returned in a few moments, and beckoned me to the chamber door.

"The man says that he is not going to leave the house until he sees your father. I wish you would go down to him. He acts strangely."

Without stopping to reflect, I left the apartment, and hurried down to the parlor. I found a man walking the floor in a very excited manner.

"I wish to see Mr. W——," said he, abruptly, and in an imperative way.

"He is very ill, Sir," I replied, "and can not be seen."

"I must see him, sick or well." His manner was excited.

"Impossible, Sir."

The door-bell rang again at this moment, and with some violence. I paused, and stood listening until the servant answered the summons, while the man strode twice the full length of the parlor.

"I wish to see Mr. W——." It was the voice of a man.

"He is sick," the servant replied.

"Give him my name—Mr. Walton—and say that I must see him for just a moment." And this new visitor came in past the waiter, and entered the parlor.

"Mr. Arnold!" he ejaculated, in evident surprise.

"Humph! This is a nice business!" said the first visitor, in a rude way, entirely indifferent to my presence or feelings. "A nice business, I must confess!"

"Have you seen Mr. W——?" was inquired.

"No. They *say* he's sick."

There was an unconcealed doubt in the voice that uttered this.

"Gentlemen," said I, stung into indignant courage, "this is an outrage! What do you mean by it?"

"We wish to see your father," said the last comer, his manner changing, and his voice respectful.

"You have both been told," was my firm reply, "that my father is too ill to be seen."

"It isn't an hour, as I am told, since he left his store," said the first visitor, "and I hardly think his illness has progressed so rapidly up to this time as to make an interview dangerous. We do not wish to be rude or uncourteous, Miss W——, but our business with your father is imperative, and we must see him. I, for one, do not intend leaving the house until I meet him face to face!"

"Will you walk up stairs?" I had the presence of mind and decision to say, and I moved from the parlor into the passage. The men followed, and I led them up to the chamber where our distressed family were gathered around my father. As we entered the hushed apartment the men pressed forward somewhat eagerly, but their steps were suddenly arrested. The sight was one to make its own impression. My father's face, deathly in its hue, was turned toward the door, and from his bared arm a stream of dark blood was flowing sluggishly. The physician had just opened a vein.

"Come! This is no place for us," I heard one of the men whisper to the other, and they withdrew as unceremoniously as they had entered. Scarcely had they gone ere the loud ringing of the door-bell sounded through the house again.

"What does all this mean?" whispered my distressed mother.

"I can not tell. Something is wrong," was all I could answer; and a vague, terrible fear took possession of my heart.

In the midst of our confusion, uncertainty, and distress, my uncle, the only relative of my mother, arrived, and from him we learned the crushing fact that my father's paper had been that day dishonored at bank. In other words, that he had failed in business.

The blow, long suspended over his head—as I afterward learned—long dreaded, and long averted by the most desperate expedients to save himself from ruin, when it did fall, was too heavy for him. It crushed the life out of his enfeebled system. That fearful night he died!

It is not my purpose to draw toward the survivors any sympathy by picturing the changes in their fortunes and modes of life that followed this sad event. They have all endured much and suffered much. But how light has it been to what my father must have endured and suffered in his long struggle to sustain the thoughtless extravagance of his family, to supply them with comforts and luxuries, none of which he could himself enjoy. Ever before me is the image of his gradually wasting form, and pale, sober, anxious face. His voice, always mild, now comes to my ears in memory burdened with a most touching sadness. What could we have been thinking about? Oh youth! how blindly selfish thou art! How unjust in thy thoughtlessness! What would I not give to have my father back again! This daily toil for bread, those hours of labor, prolonged often far into the night season—how cheerful would I be if they ministered to my father's comfort. Ah! if we had been loving and just to him, we might have had him still. But we were neither loving nor just. While he gathered with hard toil, we scattered. Daily we saw him go forth hurried to his business, and nightly we saw him come home exhausted; and we never put forth a hand to lighten his burdens; but, to gratify our idle and vain pleasures, laid new ones upon his stooping shoulders, until, at last, the cruel weight crushed him to the earth!

My father! Oh my father! If grief and tearful repentance could have restored you to our broken circle, long since you would have returned to us. But tears and repentance are in vain. The rest of eternity is yours!

TEMPTATION.

Yes, very beautiful!

Not the beauty that fades in years; not the white neck, and rosy cheek, and sparkling eye, and ruby lip, and all that sort of loveliness that poets praise, men love, and talk of dying for.

Nothing of that kind was the beauty of Clare Glen. She was tall and nobly formed, with an eye that commanded your worship. Her cheek was brown, her lip was rather pale, her forehead was not high, her hair was black as midnight. I can not well describe her to you so that you can understand her beauty. If you were to ask me any one of the ordinary questions about it I should answer No. Was she graceful? No—but she was majestic. Had she a small hand? No—but her hand was of shape, and color, and vein-tracing that made it fit for a sceptre. She was one whom, seeing first in a crowded assembly, you would pause and gaze at with admiration and respect; whom, seeing alone, you would feel the temptation almost irresistible to spring forward to, and either bow before her as a superior, or clasp in your arms as a magnificent woman. Do you understand me? No? Well, I can not make it better. Clare Glen was beautiful.

Close by the old house in which she lived there was a grove of trees—old trees, elms, oaks, and hickory—large old forest monarchs, through whose leafy boughs the starlight scarcely penetrated. My own home was on the other side of the grove, and as it was in a lonesome country-place, I had no fear of walking there alone in the evening, or of crossing it to see my friend.

I had a lover. I, plain Elizabeth Gordon, had a lover whom I loved. But Clare had none. We confided much in each other; I telling her all my love and all my hopes. I had been a sad child, almost always sick, almost always thinking of death. Twice I had looked into the grave so closely that the smell of the damp mould came into my nostrils, and I did not think it chilling or revolting. By this you may judge of my mental condition. Latterly I had been more happy, and when there came to the house one of my father's friends, who spoke gently to me and looked kindly into my large brown eyes (for I had fine eyes), I loved him. There is One who knows how I loved and how I love him.

He was nearly forty, educated in the schools of the world, an accomplished scholar, a splendid man. His form was erect, manly, and noble; his face exceedingly fine, commanding respect, and his whole carriage that of the thoroughly refined gentleman. It was strange that he spoke so gently to me, listened so kindly to my peevish ways and wishes, yielded so to my whims.

I had loved none before but Clare and my father. I was that father's only child, and I was motherless. So my heart went out to my lover with unrestrained affection. After I knew that he loved me I was brought very low again by sickness, and now the grave was terrible, and the thought of going all alone to lie in the old churchyard was a horror I can not tell of.

His love saved me. It was that and only that. I clung to him, and clung to life for him. He was so good to me. He held me in his arms, and laid his hand on my forehead, and smoothed back my damp hair, and touched his lips to my thin temples, and— I shall go mad to-night if I recall that hour of bliss when they told me I was to live and live for him!

Let me go on with my story calmly. We were to be married in the fall. I walked one summer evening across the grove to see Clare, and show her all I dared show her of a letter I had from him that day, promising to be with us the next morning. Old Jupiter offered to go with me as I passed the servant's quarters, but I would not let him. I had pleasant thoughts for safeguard and company, and I went along singing in a low tone to myself; for I had no voice for song at any time, but could please myself, if no one else, by humming over old tunes as I went alone. He used to ask me to sing for him, but I never had the courage.

And so I went into the dark wood, and the sharp chirp of the crickets and the cries of insects drowned my voice and my step. And suddenly I heard a voice close to me in the darkness, just before me, and it thrilled through me; it was so like his voice. I remember the words well even to this day. They were simple, unmeaning words, but the tone was not to be mistaken.

"Yes, I will remember it."

And not forget?"

"No, no. Trust me thus much forever, Clare."

And then just before me I saw two persons, and in the dim darkness I saw one draw the other close down to her and lift up her head, and—it was a long, a very long kiss they exchanged; I wondered people could kiss so long. I had never been kissed so; and yet I thought it seemed as if he were forced a little, and that she held him in her clasp longer than he liked.

I paused. It was so strange. Clare had never told me of this. Clare had a lover and I did not know it! Who could he be? I will not deny that for an instant one wild thought of who it might be well-nigh killed me; but the next moment the impossibility of that was so manifest that I forgot it, only the start had so weakened me that I sat down on the ground, and they passed on.

I walked back homeward. It hurt me that Clare had kept this secret, and I would not go to see her that night; but the next morning I went went over and told her frankly all I had seen and heard, and she listened calmly, and told me when I was through that she was unable then to explain it, but would some time—and I was content with that, I trusted Clare so fully then. But the time never came, and I have not known, and do not to this day know, who it was that walked in the wood with Clare that August evening; only—but wait a little.

I was married in October, and went abroad. For four years I wandered with my husband. He was the kindest, best of men. I had no wish ungratified. Every thing that luxury could invent our wealth purchased, for we were very wealthy. My father had died, leaving me a great fortune, and my husband was already rich.

Our child was born in Florence, and died in Rome. Alas the day when little Clare's eyes closed on the sunshine that came pouring its morning light over the Pincian Hill! We buried her a little way from Shelley's grave. You know where that is, close to the upper wall of the cemetery. Her name, too, was written in water, in many tears, on her little tombstone.

Clare—Clare in heaven! knowest thou thy mother's pain and sorrow here?

We came home in the spring after that, and in August we were at Saratoga. Clare Glen had married an old man, and was Clare Gay. She might have reversed it and called herself gay Clare, for she was queen of that summer's gayeties in Congress Hall. Her husband was an invalid, and cared little how his wife amused herself, and she made the days and weeks go merrily. It was so pleasant, so inspiriting, to see her. I was too weak and feeble to do more than look at her; but when he helped me out to the drawing-room in the evening, I would sit in wonderment and admiration as she queened it so grandly among men whose names were well known the country over.

He never left my side, my kind and faithful husband, but stood at my chair all the evenings through, and talked to me, telling me the names of all the people, and little stories about them, that whiled the time away deliciously. Sometimes I would look up at him while he talked, and see him looking across the room at her, and his eyes would fill with that smile I so loved as he looked down to me and caught my look. Once I saw on his face a look of pain, as Clare waltzed with a stranger, and I said to him, "Clare is imprudent, is she not?" and he replied, with a strange emphasis, "Worse, worse, I fear—much worse." It frightened me, for I loved Clare as my sister; but a passing fit of pain called off my attention, and I forgot it then.

My rooms were on the first floor. The windows opened on the broad veranda. We had always adopted the European custom of sleeping in separate rooms. I would have it so, for I was very restless, and every motion would disturb him. I had learned, too, to suppress my moans of pain, for an unnatural breath would bring him into my room in an instant.

One night I awoke after midnight, and heard a voice on the piazza. It reminded me of that night in the old woods, for it was the same voice.

"I will not, Clare."

"You will not?"

"So help me God, never! Remember your promises to me, your vows to him."

"You dare—you dare—"

I heard her voice choking with passion, a quick step along the veranda, and all was still.

It startled me, and I spoke aloud. He was in the room before my voice had ceased to sound, and at my side. His hand soothed my aching head. It never was so cool on my forehead before, and I fell asleep with a smile on my face.

A few days after that Clare Gay's husband died. He was very old, and disease had worn him out. They buried him at Saratoga, my husband taking charge of all the arrangements. By his will Clare was left very rich. She went home with us, and we were again in our old places, with the grove between us.

I had never told my husband the incident of my seeing Clare with some one in the grove until now. He made light of it, and said she had perhaps had more lovers than I knew of, and so it passed. I grew stronger as winter came on; I could walk and ride with comfort. January found me a new person; and one evening I said to old Jupe that I would go over to the other house if he and Bill would walk with me. They followed; and in the middle of the wood I heard those voices again. Did they haunt the old forest?

"Never, never, Clare!"

"As there is an Avenger, you shall!"

"I tell you it is impossible. You do not understand how firm this resolution is. I will die first!"

And I let them pass on, but this time I sat down shivering and weak. A terrible fear came over me—terrible because I could not understand it. Jupe saw me sinking, and shouted, "Miss Lizzy's gwine to faint," and the next instant my husband rushed up the path *by which I had come*, and I heard him say, "How could you be so imprudent, dear wife?" and then I fainted in his arms.

I was sick a long time, and in the spring Clare and he took me off to Saratoga again. Clare had been untiring all the winter through, and had lived in the house, shutting up her own to give me her every moment. When I began to think of something besides my own pain and sorrow, and to look at my babe with something of a mother's tenderness, I observed a strange coldness between my husband and Clare. He seemed to wish her out of the house, and yet he was always kind to her, and spoke very gently, and called her Clare, as of old. When we were at Saratoga the same thing continued. I can not exactly define it, but it was evident to me; and at the same time I began to observe that his once rugged, robust frame was yielding. It frightened me. He was so thin and pale, and I had not noticed it!—I was so selfish in my own disease, and he so good, so noble, so devoted! I believe nothing did so much to cure me as that. I grew better hourly when I began to feel that he needed my help. In July I was well and strong; and though I perhaps may not be the one to write it, I had grown to be a beautiful woman. Health, spirits, hope, cheered and gladdened my face. I was a new person, and now my husband idolized me. It was a glorious summer. Such were the fabled hours of joy when God's sons loved men's daughters—brief realizations on earth of supernal pleasures.

The end hastens. He is dead. My husband died August the 27th, 18—. I write it with a firm hand, though the day is a terror to me when it comes back every year.

He died suddenly. Clare was married to the Baron G—— on the 20th, and sailed for Europe the next day. My husband sank rapidly from the beginning of the month, and at last closed his eyes in peace. His arms were around me when he died—close around me; I lay on his breast; I could not hold him in mine, but he clasped his around my neck, and said in a low whisper, "My wife, Lizzie, believe—believe this, whatever you hear when I am gone—believe that I loved you only, faithfully—only—only. Remember that to be tempted is not to sin. Dear wife, you are most beautiful—most beautiful." And whispering words of love that I would not write here for all eyes to read—no, not for worlds, those precious words—he ceased to breathe as he ceased to speak.

They did try to make me doubt him. Here is a letter Clare sent me afterward—see if there could be baser perfidy than this—she whom I loved as a sister—all my life long—she sent me this letter; false, for he told me it would be false with his last last whisper.

"You shall know it if it kills you—I loved him, and he loved me. I will not have you living on in the same world with me and believing that he was yours when he was mine. Yes, mine. My own! When he first knew you in the old house I won him from you. I tempted him with love, I gave him warm embraces, delicious, ay, delirious kisses. You were weak, puny, sickly, and what did he care for the clasp of such arms as yours? In mine he found life, love, passion. But he married you, you say. He did, but because of his foolish creed of duty. He was faithful to you after that, you think. Ay, he was, because he led you off to be away from my temptations. Had he staid at home we would have been damned together. But I say he loved me, and when he would not fly with me I killed him by flying from him with another—"

And much more of the same kind.

But I have faith in him. It is a blessed thing this same faith. I see now how she sought to make him like herself, and how he half yielded, human-like, and how he bravely overcame the temptation. He was tempted and did not fall, and I love him with the more devoted love now that I know all the story!

As for Clare, I know nothing of her. My child is taught to pray for her as one of the tempted that fell, but may be saved yet through mercy.

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

OUR BLOCK.

Dear Editor,—I have been hoping to see you here, at least once, before I am driven by the dullness of the city to seek the fascinations of the country.

I look around, and perceive our block has at last assumed its true summer aspect. Its trees are at their best, fresh and verdant, and the inhabitants themselves are probably not less so than usual. It is hot and dusty, and high time for sensible people to fly.

Mr. A——, opposite, sits in the door-way all the evening, vainly waiting for a breath of air to revive him; and there he remains, hour after hour. He is furiously political, and is at this moment fanning his face with the newspaper, after having greatly excited himself with its contents. Mrs. A—— reposes near a window; and the young ladies, very much flounced, attitudinize languidly in the narrow balcony—barely wide enough for them to lean over with grace—and chat with any stray "beaux" who may be left in the city. But these are so few and far between, and they have been reduced by dullness to such desperation, that they have really become "great friends" with the Misses B——, next door—young ladies whom they formerly styled "stuck-up things!"

They *are* prim girls, having been brought up in what their maternal parent considers to be the English manner, and are chiefly remarkable for what their friends call dignity, and others stiffness. The consequence of this vehement friendship has been that hoops, tremendous hoops, with heads on the top of them, are seen indefatigably bobbing up and down the allied "stoops" for an hour or two every evening. They must indeed have felt dull, poor things! to have signed a truce over their musical differences, not to mention their many other causes of mutual animosity (the whole block is ardently musical, by-the-by); for in the one house what some style the *eye*-talian style of singing acutely prevails, while the other ignores every thing but the severity of Handel and Mendelssohn.

Further on lives another Mr. C., who persuades himself he is a *basso*, because he can grunt up a few gruff growls from the depths of his boots; and young D., close by, flatters himself he is a tenor, and howls out in great agony the most tender operatic airs, until you can not but think some one is hurting him. Then there is Mrs. E., a high soprano, whose voice goes through one like a red-hot wire. She attends the opera occasionally, and when she returns home imitates the screams and strainings of all the third-rate singers she hears, and is rewarded for her pains by being thought "a very fine performer." Add these to the young ladies beforementioned, and add to them the organ-boys grinding away at the *Trovatore* anvil chorus (just think of it, the *anvil chorus* on the *hand-organ!*)—and perhaps mingled therewith comes a note or two of "Annie Laurie," contributed by another wandering minstrel. Let all this be going at once, and in different keys, each more out of tune than the other, and you can imagine our quiet neighborhood on a calm summer evening. My only relief is to go to the piano myself, and distract my attention, while I add to the din, by a brilliant *cavatina*, or a noisy instrumental solo.

Pretty Mrs. F. has already retired from our orchestra, as she left for the country some little time ago, bag and baggage. It was as painful as a "move" almost, for all the nursery furniture had to be carried off with them—rocking-chairs, work-tables, and a hundred other blessings to mothers; for really those tiresome hotels give you no conveniences of any sort. Of course the weather was bad, and the carman had to come and be sent away again, day after day, for a week running, and yet, after all, I beheld Mr. F., in the rain and his shirt-sleeves, carefully surveying the bestowal of the whole.

Who is in that large house yonder?

Oh, well, that house is vacant just now, thank Heaven! and the less said about it the better; only I must observe we used, with some envy, to think that the ladies there, pretty as they were, had a very large circle of gentlemen acquaintance; and many a time have we felt how charming it must be to have so many assiduous friends of "the opposite sex," so it was a very great relief to our feelings to find all this attention was not quite honestly come by. Fred, who considers himself altogether a man of the world, was the first to discover the true state of the case, and *he* initiated the less experienced George; and then they imparted it with much jocularity to the head of the family, and *he* mentioned it, delicately, to the matrons of the household; and *they* just whispered it to the young ladies, who, innocent but Eve-ish, listened breathless and open-eyed, and have never ceased watching the condemned establishment ever since. But the worthy mothers of the neighborhood, "with young children growing up," as they express it (and women must be virtuous, you know, to have such large families), were all greatly scandalized, and did not breathe freely for a long time I assure you. Even now, if a cat crosses the desolate threshold, we instantly suspect the creature can be "after no good."

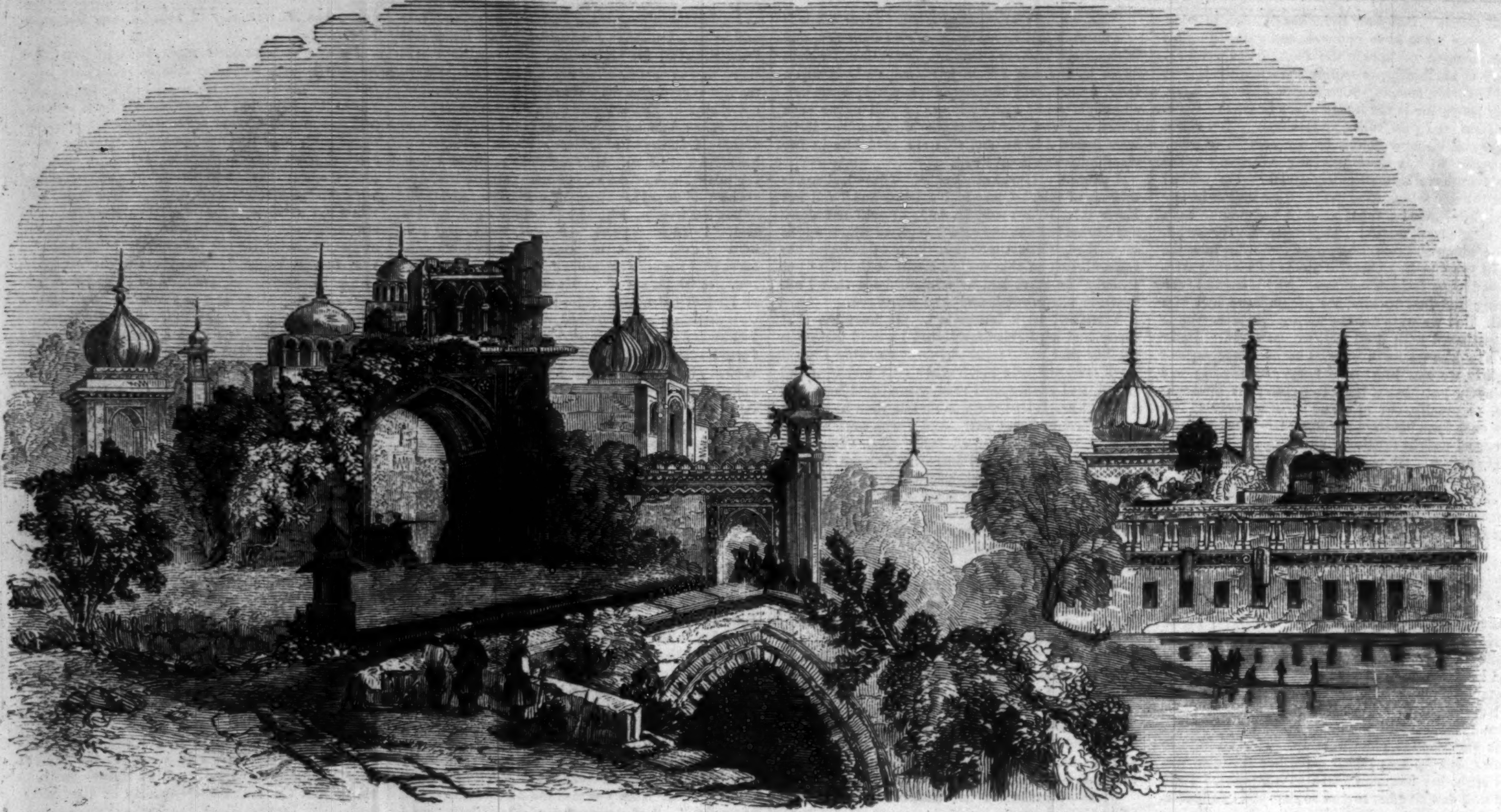
On the right dwells Mrs. K., slave of a dozen little ones, tyrant of Mr. K., to whom I heard strict orders issued, under the specious form of advice, "not to go down that side of the street on any account." But the excitement has ceased with the cause—a fact which has added considerably to the leisure of the fair Lucretias (not Borgias by any means) of the block, and to that of the policeman at the corner.

(By-the-by, is this, which I see before me, the chosen costume of the new Police-force? A mean, scanty, grimy little Holland garment, more resembling a rebellious boy's dirty pinafore than any thing else? Who can respect an official in such attire? His badge seems to be a mere shaving of the very basest metal; a little more brass would be advisable I should say; and what he has on his head—cap, hat, or helmet—I defy any one to tell. If this is indeed a true specimen and the result of so much antagonism, I can not say a great deal for it; nor does it inspire me with much deference for the authorities.)

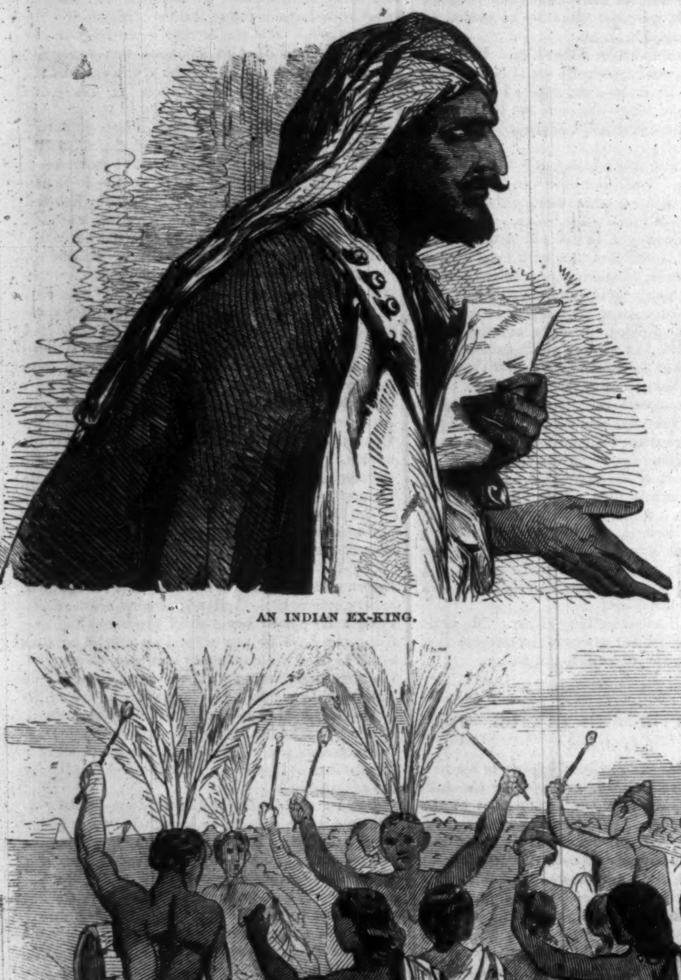
But I must not forget the most important personage among us, one, at least, who was closely studied by every one until the recent outrage to our respectability diverted our interest from her. Mrs. L. is considered to be "quite one of the upper ten." Privately, we are vain of it; publicly, we pretend to smile at her "fashionable follies," and not to envy her opera-box in the least. We rather dislike her, because she disdains to be neighborly; in other words, she does not concern herself with our affairs, and, perhaps, supposes we concern ourselves as little about hers. But she is very greatly mistaken if she fancies any thing of the sort, and, I can assure her, every moment of hers is most accurately registered by those around. Mrs. H., in particular, considers it a sacred duty to be on her guard lest Mrs. L. should appear in a new garment without her cognizance of the fact, and so far, I believe, a thoroughly careful and conscientious estimate has been made of the expenses of her wardrobe. But she went away this summer rather sooner than was anticipated (by us), and a good deal of new finery may have been carried off that the anxious observers had no means of valuing.

You see, my dear Sir, there are a very interesting set of persons in our block; and once *au courant* of our minor politics, you would discover a good deal of character among us. That means, I believe, that a person can make himself very disagreeable indeed—as witness the medical man just there, who refuses to join the subscription for watering the road, say what we will to him; and either he has the benefit of our water-cart, or else we have the benefit of his dust. The latter, I do believe, is his object; he hopes we shall all have bronchitis, and apply to him—mean creature! Now, remember I am longing to introduce you among us, but for the present I must say good-by.

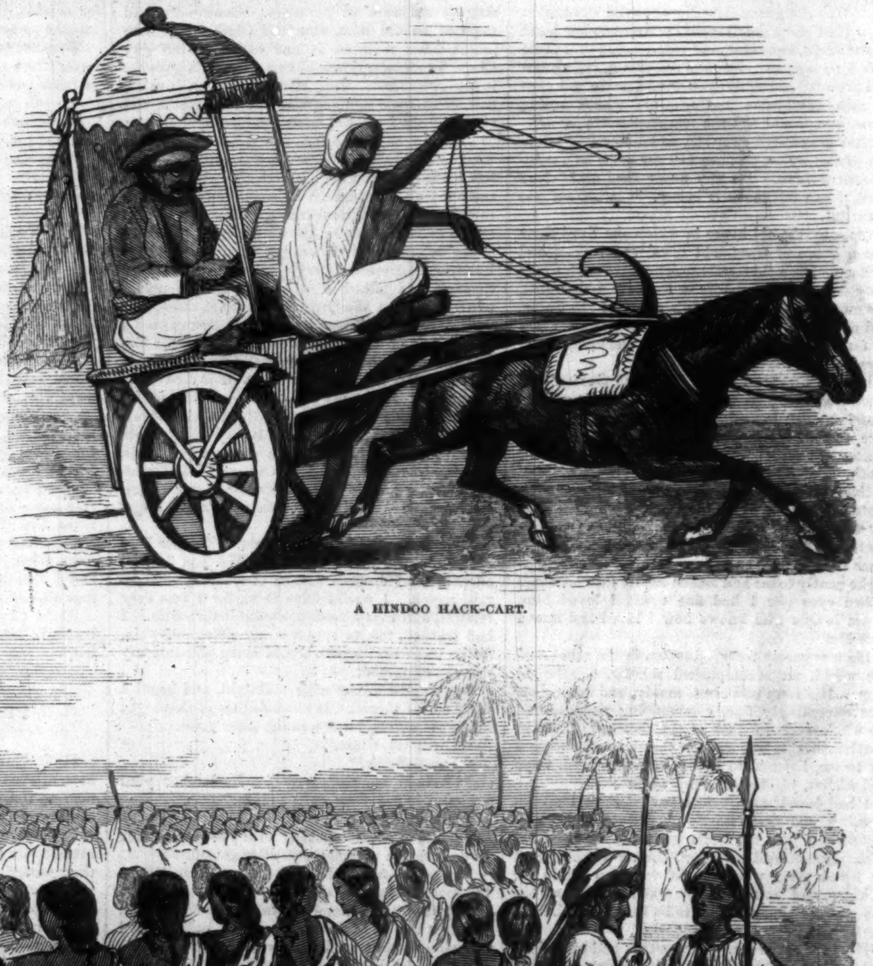
Yours always.



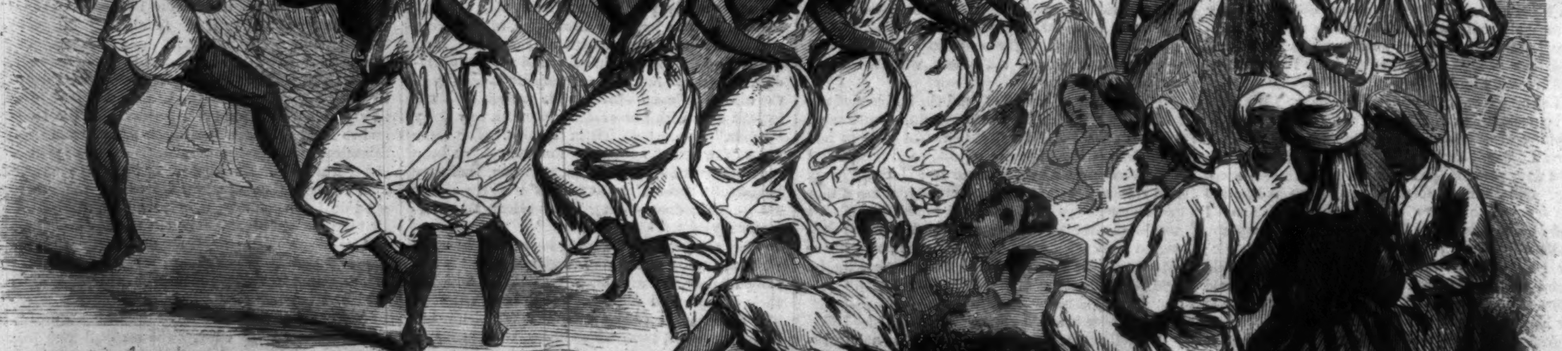
THE OUTBREAK IN INDIA—THE CITY OF DELHI.



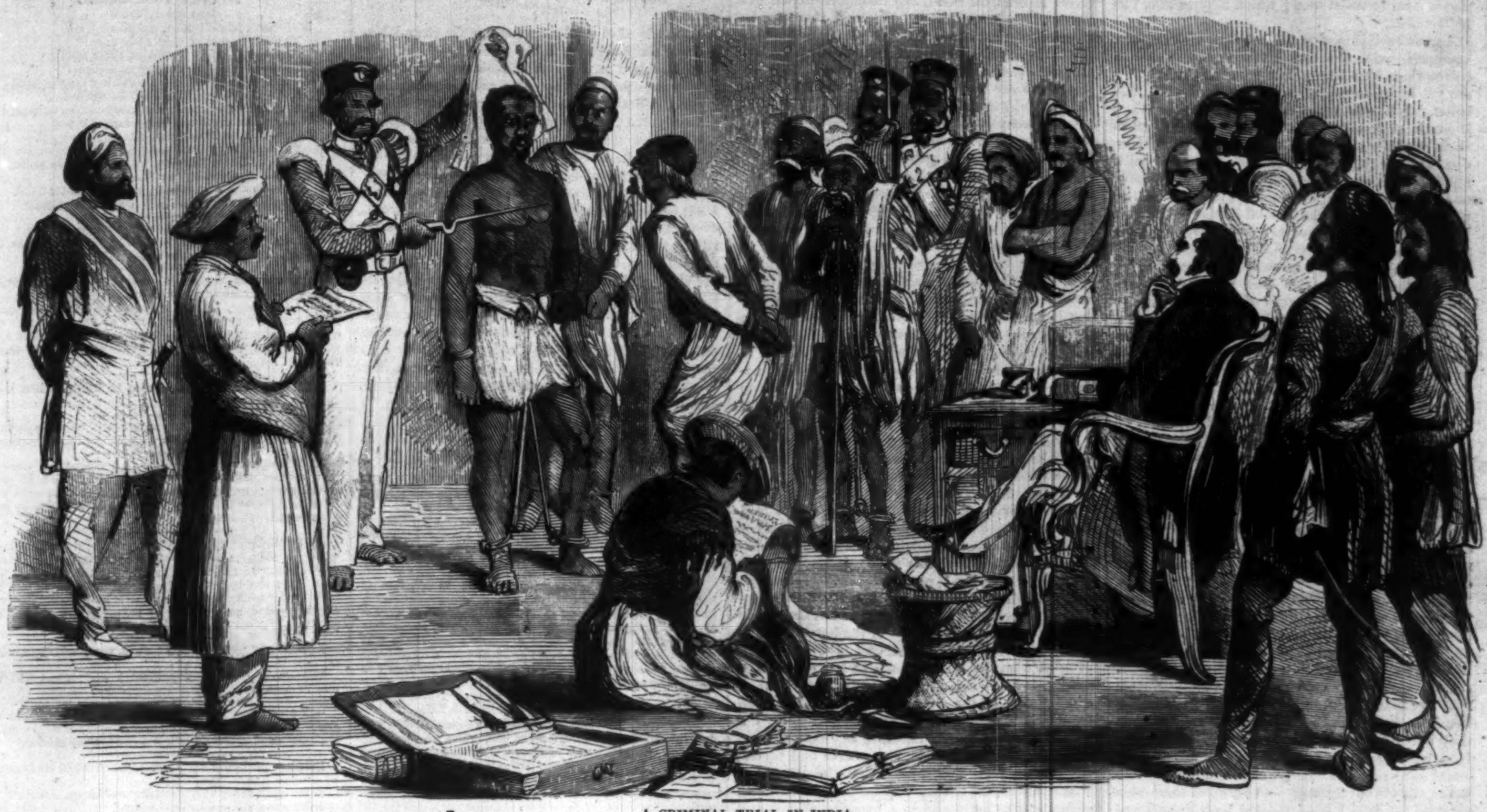
AN INDIAN EX-KING.



A HINDOO HACK-CART.



NATIVE DANCE OF THE HINDOO GIRLS.



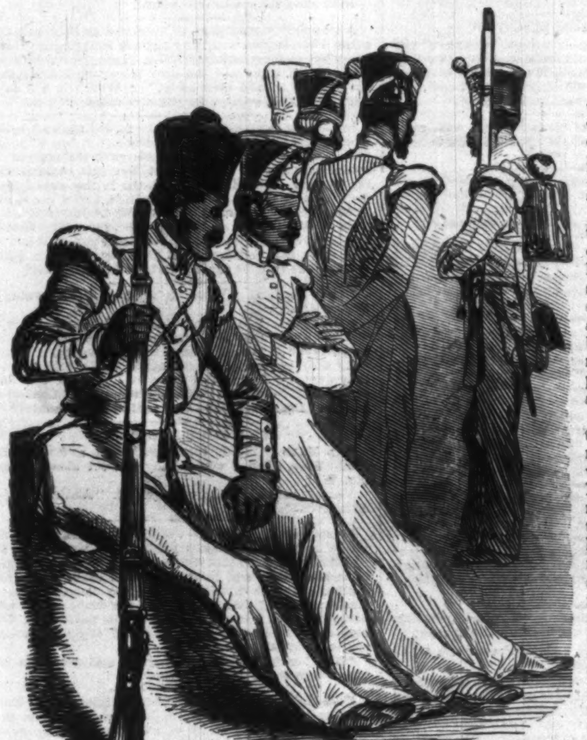
A CRIMINAL TRIAL IN INDIA.

THE OUTBREAK IN INDIA.

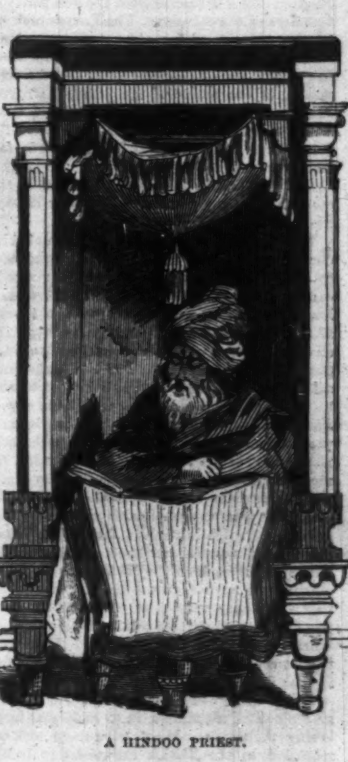
The violent insurrection of the Sepoys in Hindostan—to which we have had occasion to refer in late numbers of this paper—revives the curiosity which every inquiring mind naturally feels in reference to India, the East India Company's government, and the Hindoos. Who are these Sepoys who rebel? Why have they rebelled? What object have they in view? What prospect of success have they? How have the East India Company fulfilled their trust? We propose to attempt a brief answer to these queries.

The actual movements which have attracted attention to India, and frightened the English, took place at Delhi and Meerut—both cities in the Northwestern Presidency, or Division, of British India, the former about 1000 miles from Calcutta, the latter somewhat less. At both the movement was the same: the Sepoys—of whom several regiments are quartered at each place—rose, murdered their officers, fired certain buildings, and declared the British authority at an end. At Delhi a feeble attempt was made to reorganize a Government in the place of the one overthrown, by crowning the pensioned descendant of the Great Mogul; but this amounts to nothing. Thus far the revolt is a mere military outbreak. It acquires its importance from the fact that the sentiment which caused it is known to be shared by a large portion, and believed to be shared by all the Sepoys in India.

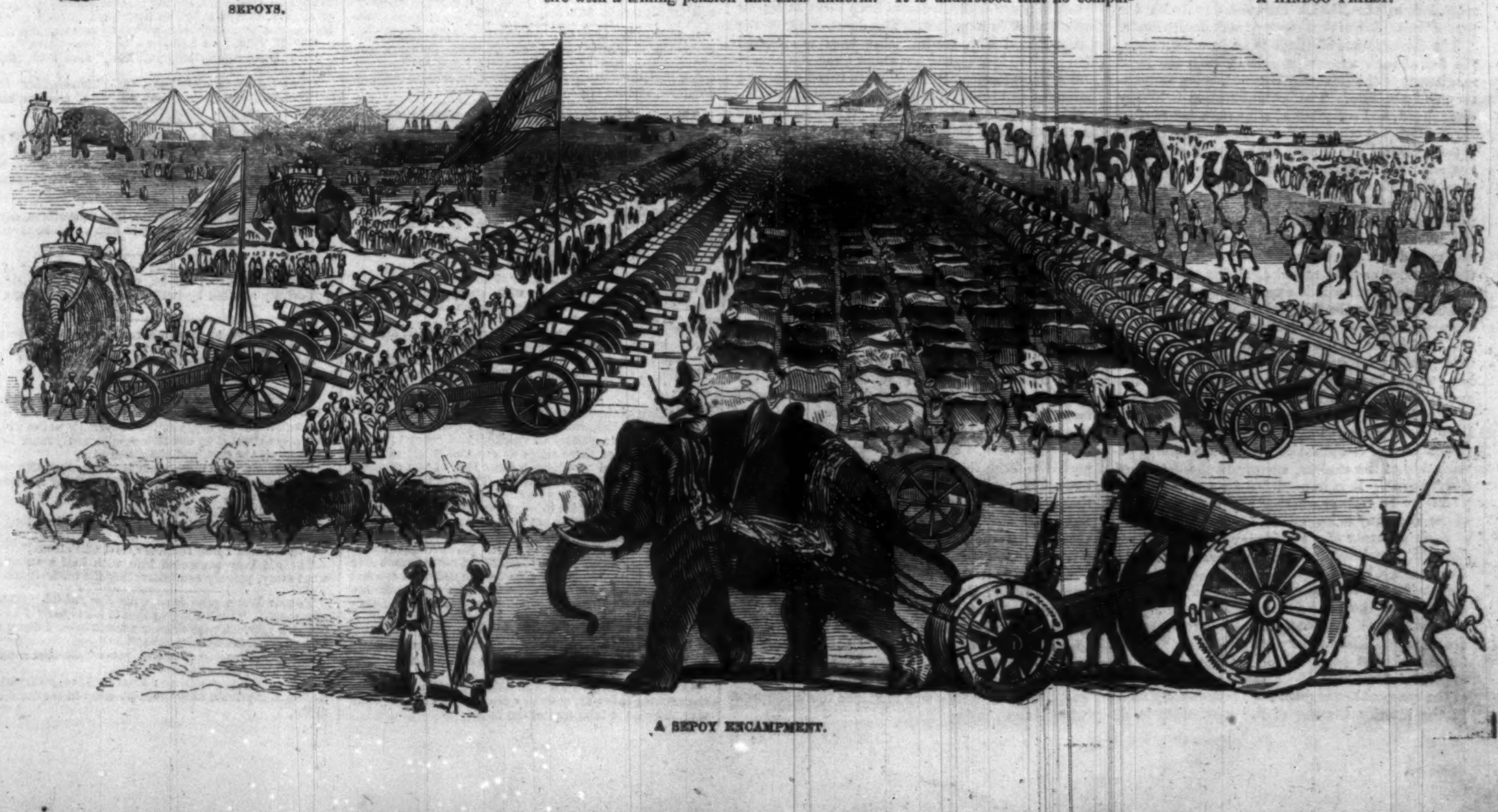
These Sepoys—as is known—are natives of India. The idea of making the natives the instruments of their own subjugation originated with Clive; he first enrolled the people of the Carnatic into Sepoy regiments; and by degrees the scheme was adopted throughout India. The present Sepoys are part Hindoos and part Mohammedans; they number nearly 300,000, and are officered by about 7500 European officers. Besides these, the Government of India usually "borrows" from the Government of Great Britain a standing army of about 20,000 men (of whom a large portion has lately been draughted away for service in China). As a general rule, the Sepoys are faithful soldiers. At the terrible conflict between Hindoos and Mohammedans at Benares, some thirty years ago, they rose superior to religious prejudices, and could not have acted more impartially had they been Christians. They have mutinied from time to time, as at Vellore, when Tippoo Saib's sons were near them, and at Hyderabad, and Bangalore; but it is now generally admitted that on these occasions the fault lay with their officers rather than with them. In battle, so long as they are led by their own officers, they are brave and firm; but Sir Charles Napier used to say that he could always tell when a European officer had fallen by the wavering of his Sepoys. Their pay is so small that to save any thing out of it is impossible; nor can they by any chance obtain promotion from the ranks. After twenty-one years' service, they are allowed to retire with a trifling pension and their uniform. It is understood that no compul-



SEPOYS.



A HINDOO PRIEST.



A SEPOY ENCAMPMENT.

sion is used to enlist men; which may or may not be the case.

The ostensible motive for their late outbreak was an apprehension that the Government intended to coerce them into apostacy from their faith. We are yet in ignorance of the real grounds for this belief. It is absolutely ridiculous to suppose that it can have rested on the mere direction to grease their cartridges with bullocks' fat, which no Hindoo will touch, gravely as such an order tells against the common-sense of the military authorities of India. The probability is that Lord Canning, under the inspiration of Exeter Hall, has lately authorized some outrageous violation of the native creeds, or has justified certain missionary enterprises conducted with more zeal than discretion. The truth on this head we may shortly know. That the missionaries of India are at times somewhat unscrupulous in their use of means we may learn from the well-attested fact that, in the neighborhood of Agra, the missionaries have been in the habit, during seasons of famine, of buying the children of poor parents, at from two to ten rupees a head (fifty cents to $2 50), for the purpose of educating them in the Christian religion!

But if we can suppose that the Sepoys have nerve and courage enough to rebel, grounds can not be wanting. The history of British India—when it comes to be truly written—will make the blood of every honest man boil with indignation, and will furnish a crowning illustration of the essential infamy of governments conducted on commercial principles, and with an exclusive view to commercial gain.

Just two centuries and a half have elapsed since the London merchants "planted their feet as humble traders" on the banks of the Hooghly. They protested—and indeed sincerely—that they meant no mischief, no disturbance of the established governments of India. Our friends at Aspinwall were not more peaceful or more useful settlers than they. For forty-five years they bought and sold; and if they did not carry much wealth into India, they took nothing away from it which that country could not well spare. But at the end of forty-five years, the old opportunity—a rich royal succession claimed by rival heirs—tempted both French and English into a deviation from the safe policy of the founders of the colonies. The French took the initiative; the English could not sit by and see the revenues of the Carnatic fall into French hands; Major Lawrence began and Clive ended a struggle which, in the course of ten years, destroyed the French power in India, vastly enriched the East India Company, and reversed systematically the principle of their policy in India. Hitherto they had been traders; the battle of Plassy made them conquerors; and in that character, and as the despoilers of the races among whom they lived, have the British figured ever since.

It is not likely that—since the days of Alexander the Great—the world ever witnessed so long, so uniformly successful, and so utterly ruthless a career of rapine. The example of Clive was followed by each successive governor; and province after province, state after state, was attacked, often on the most frivolous pretexts, and subjugated. Sometimes, as in the case of the Mahrattas, the sole ground on which the English went to war was because the natives had deposed their sovereign. Just as often no pretext at all was given. The people of England were entertained with such stories as that of the Black Hole of Calcutta, the far more horrible butcheries committed by the Company's servants being, of course, concealed; the Company was rewarded with copious returns of gold, and wealth in various shapes; and thus the policy was pursued without obstacle, until the whole of India, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, from Afghanistan to the Irrawaddy, was either absolutely subject or tributary to the Company. A territory two-thirds of the extent of the United States and Territories, and three times as populous as the Russian Empire, was added to the British dominions.

If any thing could palliate robbery, it would be an undoubted ultimate gain to society at large accruing therefrom. What advantage society has reaped from the British conquests in India the present condition of that country may demonstrate.

The Government of India is an iron despotism, the fiat of each successive official, from the local magistrate to the Governor-General, being peremptory and absolute. The administration is highly centralized, and complicated after the most perfect Circumlocution-office pattern. Nominally the supreme political power rests in the Board of Directors, one-third of whom are appointed by the Queen, two-thirds elected by the stockholders; practically, this board is controlled by the British Government, acting as a Board of Indian Commissioners; the latter may veto a resolution of the Directors, and may direct measures of Indian policy without their consent or even their knowledge. The Governor-General of India is appointed by the Crown; but he reports to the Directors, through whom the Government acts. In India the Governor-General is absolute; so are, in their Presidencies, the four presidential governors, subject to appeal to him; so are, in their districts, the local magistrates and residents, subject to appeal to the governors of Presidencies. Every measure of government is liable to be reviewed by a higher authority; and thus a mass of complications which are utterly bewildering to the student, embarrass the details of government. It is impossible—for a space of two years—to be certain whether any new regulation of the Company is law or not.

Each governor of a Presidency is assisted by a Council, appointed by the Directors in London. But he is not bound to take any notice of their representations; and the council-boards are usually scenes of the most futile squabbles, intrigues, and foolishness. Representative institutions there are none. British lawyers are selected in England for the highest posts in the judiciary; they are appointed for life. At Calcutta, and one or two of the sea-port towns, juries are occasionally used; in the interior the fiat of the magistrate is decisive in criminal cases, and their jurisdiction extends to capital offenses. From all that can be ascertained, it appears that from time immemorial justice has been corrupt in India. Judges realize enormous fortunes on moderate salaries. It is impossible to say what is and what is not law in India; at Calcutta, the Common Law of England is, for the most part in force; in the interior the Hindoo law prevails. A high authority has described Indian justice as "a perfect *caput mortuum*, not worth the having." Instances are on record where a British magistrate has received 80,000 rupees for hushing up a murder, and the local magistrates quite openly value their offices at two to three hundred rupees a day from presents. To add to these aggravations it would appear that latterly torture has been introduced among the legal practices of India. British parliamentary papers prove, that in many districts of India, British magistrates have ordered culprits to be exposed to the sun in a cruel attitude; to have their fingers squeezed in cleft sticks; to endure other nameless abominations; in some instances it appears that women have been tortured in obedience to the same authority.

The Baron Von Schonberg, one of the few travelers who have told the truth about India, has mentioned some of the grievances of the natives. From his statements it appears that no Indian can petition the government except on stamped paper, which costs eight *anas*, a sum which many can not afford. A common complaint is, that after the natives have purchased this paper, it is often suppressed by the local police authorities, through whose hands it must pass before it reaches the superior authorities. Taxes are levied on the people without regard to the quality of the harvests; this—in a country where a bad harvest exposes millions to starvation—is a cruel price of tyranny. But the Baron found the natives more irritated still at a regulation of the Company repealing that old Hindoo law which—like our laws—permitted a husband to reclaim his wife after she had left him. This he can not now do. The motive and the effect of such a regulation can well be imagined.

It is the rule of the East India Company that no native can be employed in a capacity that is not subordinate. Even the sons of Englishmen born in India are debarred from any respectable rank in the civil or military service. For the "mercantile bottom" on which the Company is based teaches that the natives of a northern climate are more energetic than the natives of India; hence the latter are simply disfranchised and ostracised.

Partly from this reason, partly from the grinding and grasping oppression of the Company, no Englishman who can avoid it will live in India. Though it is one of the most glorious and luxurious countries in the world for a wealthy man's residence, though money can be made there faster perhaps than in any other part of the world, it is an actual fact, vouched for by Parliamentary papers, that there are not at this moment over five hundred Englishmen resident in India, who have not been, or are not, or do not propose to be servants of the Company. This is the secret of the failure of the cotton-growing experiments which have been made in India. Plantations on a large scale require an outlay of capital and enterprise. They require roads. The native Indians have no money—the Company takes care of that; they have no enterprise; they build no roads now. And Englishmen will not lay out their money, or devote their energy to enterprises which would place their lives and property at the disposition of an unboweled despotism like that of the Company.

A striking illustration of the state of abject helplessness and terror in which the natives live may be found in the conduct of several of the native princes when the news of the late revolt reached them. They sprang from their palaces in an agony of alarm, hanged every Indian they could lay hands on, then sent word to the Resident to come to see how they loved the dear and great English. Most of these native princes are creatures wholly devoted to sloth and sensuality. It is the practice of the Company to give them a handsome income when they are dethroned, and keep them in decent confinement in a palace. The descendant of the Great Mogul who, we hear, has been proclaimed King by the insurgents, has about $250,000 a year, and a fine palace at Delhi. With this he keeps a harem of (it is said) five thousand women, and no end of attendants of all kinds. When he appears in the streets of Delhi, he looks like a traveling showman with a caravan. The Company find that it pays to give these unfortunate creatures money enough to engulf themselves in the indulgence of debasing sensuality.

The East India Company is now reaping the just penalty for past misdeeds. Many excellent and virtuous men in its government in England desire to see it do right, but it is not always possible to do right. That which is gained by the sword must be kept by the sword; the Company having begun to conquer, can no more cease conquering, or relapse into the attitude of a wise, peaceful, and improving government than the Romans could. It is greatly desired by benevolent Englishmen that education and enterprise should be introduced into India. But at the first attempt to educate the people you clash with their religious prejudices. Englishmen can hardly be expected to teach the virtues of Vishnu and Brama; but when you touch on Christianity, you insult the natives. It is quite doubtful whether the Sunday-schools, which owed their establishment to such devout and praiseworthy zeal, have not been productive of actual injury.

One of our illustrations represents a scene in the ancient city of Delhi, the seat of the great Mogul Empire, and formerly one of the grandest cities in the world. There stood the famous throne of burnished gold, with a canopy resembling a peacock's tail, in which jewels of every kind—worth millions of dollars—combined to dazzle and delude the eye. On this throne was inscribed the inscription which Moore stole:

"And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth
It is this, it is this!"

A couple of centuries ago, when the Grand Mogul was in his glory, Delhi is supposed to have contained two millions of inhabitants; it is now in gorgeous ruin, and not over 200,000 people live within its limits. They are, however, or consider themselves, a species of aristocracy; and the splendor of their appointments and costumes is very imposing. In no city in the world is the show of carriages on a holiday more brilliant or so diversified. From the state elephants of the pensioned King to the "hack-cart" of the Hindoo merchant, every kind of vehicle that has ever been invented may be seen in the Chander Choke, the Broadway of Delhi; as the native aristocrats pass, the rabble shout their names and titles, while camels, elephants, cheetahs, and bullocks fill the air with their cries; and the peculiar moan of the pious Mussulmans who frequent the forty mosques of the old Queen City completes the extraordinary concert. It has been for years emphatically a city of pleasure· we shall now know it as a city of blood.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The ruin of a country is not the blight of corn—the weight and impetuosity of hailstones—it is not the inundation and storm—it is not pestilence and famine. A few years, perhaps a single one, may cover all traces of such a calamity; but that country is too surely ruined in which morals are lost irretrievably to the greater part of the rising generation.

"I remember once," says Lamartine, in allusion to his parents, "to have seen the branch of a willow which had been torn by the tempest's hand from the parent trunk, floating in the morning light upon the angry surges of the Saone. On it a female nightingale still covered her nest, as it drifted down the foaming stream, and the male on the wing followed the wreck, which was bearing away the object of his love."

HOW TO RUIN YOUR HEALTH.

1st. Stop in bed late; 2d. Eat hot suppers; 3d. Turn day into night, night into day; 4th. Take no exercise; 5th. Always ride, when you can walk; 6th. Never mind about wet feet; 7th. Have half a dozen doctors; 8th. Drink all the medicine they send you; 9th. Try every new quack; 10th. If that doesn't kill you, quack yourself.

A SUPERSTITION REMOVED.

A "Sub-Editor of Twenty Years' Standing" (for the Editor's shoes?) says that when Luther threw the inkstand at the head of the Devil, it must have been the Printer's Devil, who had doubtlessly been for hours dancing about his elbow bothering him for "copy!"

The reason Æneas carried his father with such ease, was because he had *Troy* weight upon his back instead of Avoirdupois.

A farmer's son in England, during a lesson in astronomy, was asked by the teacher if he knew what was meant by the milky-way. He indignantly replied, "Why, Sir, 'tis the whey as comes from the cheese."

A lady talking over Mrs. Oakes Smith's lecture, and its advocacy of woman's voting, the other evening, said, "La! what's the use? Is there any woman worth trusting with a vote, who can not make two men, at least, vote as she likes?"

A dun was somewhat taken aback the other day by the coolness with which the debtor said, "Call next Thursday, my dear Sir, exactly at ten o'clock, and I'll—tell you when to call again."

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am only like the Prodigal Son—I shall reform by-and-by." "And I will be like the Prodigal Son, too," she replied, "for 'I will arise and go to my father,'" and accordingly off she went.

An independent man is described by Pitt as "one who can not be depended upon." Pitt knew, and, as a stern politician, none knew better.

Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing at the hour of meeting and farewell; like the glaciers which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunset, but throughout the day gray and cold.

The Boston *Post* is publishing a series of antique chapters on Natural History, of which this is a specimen:

Parte Thirde—in vvhich ye VVriter dyscourseth on Ye Hogge.

Thys is a verie sloverulie Beaste—hovvbe it he ys much estemed for hys Meate, especyalle bye ye Frencherrman, vvho doe devover yt ryght lustylie vvhenne especyalie yt be mayde ynto lynkes & fryed. Ye Hogge ys exceedinglie self-willed, forr vvhen one vvoulde thatte he shovld goe one vvaye he straightvvaye essayeth toe goe contrairryse. Nevertheless, ye Hogge ys a valvable Anymal for his meate, fatte and brystlels.

In Marion County, Ohio, recently, one man sued another for the rent of a house. On the trial, evidence was adduced that the house was haunted; and the jury decided that the defendant be paid fifteen dollars ($15) as damages, instead of paying rent!

"May it please the court," said a Yankee lawyer, before a Dutch justice the other day, "this is a case of great importance; while the American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of this mighty Republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghanies to the Rocky chain of the West, was rejoicing in his pride of place—"

"Shtop dare! I say, vat has dis suit to do mit eagles! Dis has notin to do mit de wild bird. It is von sheep," exclaimed the justice.

"True, your honor, but my client has rights."

"Yer glient has no right to de eagle."

"Of course not; but the laws of language—"

"What cares I for de laws of de language, eh? I understand the laws of de State, and dat ish enough for me. Confine your talk to de case."

"Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing a sheep, and—"

"Dat vill do! dat vill do! Your glient, charged mit sthealing a sheep, jes nine shillin. The gourt vill odjourn."

Speaking of the Rio Grande, a recent writer says: Imagine four of the crookedest things in the world, then imagine four more twice as crooked, and fancy to yourself a large river three times as crooked as all of these put together, and you have a faint idea of the crooked disposition of this crooked river. There is no drift in it, from the fact that it is so crooked that timber can't find its way far enough down to lodge two sticks together; but few snakes, because it is not straight enough to swim in, and the fish are all in the whirlpools in the bends, because they can't find their way out. Birds frequently attempt to fly across the river, and light on the same side they start from, being deceived by the different crooks! Indeed, you may be deceived when you think you see across it; and some of the b'hoys say it is so twisting there is but one side to it.

Affectionate Husband. "Come, Clara, suppose we go to the theatre this evening. I'd like you to see the "Son of the Night."

Clara. "I'm sure I'd like nothing better, love; but the servants have all gone to a concert, so I'm obliged to stay at home to take care of the house."

SONNET TO A CLAM.

Dum tacent clamant.

Inglorious friend! most confident I am
  Thy life is one of very little ease;
  Albeit men mock thee with their smiles
And prate of being "happy as a clam!"
What though thy shell protects thy fragile head
  From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea,
  Thy valves are, sure, no safety-valves to thee,
While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed,
And bear thee off as foemen take their spoil—
  Far from thy friends and family to roam;
  Forced, like a Hessian, from thy native home,
To meet destruction in a foreign broil!
  Though thou art tender, yet thy humble bard,
Declares, O clam, thy case is shocking hard!

The manner in which they weigh a hog out West, it is said, is to put the hog in one scale and some stones in the other and then guess at the weight of the stones.

A little urchin, some two or three years old, being a little distance from the house, was suddenly started by a clap of thunder. He was much frightened, and made rapid tracks for the house. But as the shed was the nearest shelter, he entered it, and casting a defiant look at the clouds, exclaimed, "Thunder away, I'm under the shed!"

Mr. Dubois is so skeptical that he won't believe even the report of a cannon.

"I know of no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper; "genius is nothing but diligence."

A philosopher who had married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call her "Brown Sugar," because, he said, she was sweet but unrefined. And a friend of ours says there is nothing in a name, for the sweetest girl he ever knew was Olive Brown.

An Englishman yesterday had purchased a small john of whisky. Being a member of the "fourteen years' standing" society he undertook to disguise the disguiser in a bag. But the bag not being long enough to cover the neck of the bottle, an Irishman, who happened to be present, suggested as a means of reducing the size of the package, "to take a few drinks out of it."

Butcher. "There, Sir, that's a fine ham! I cured it myself!"

Customer. "Cured it yourself! why, what was the matter with it?"

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady. "He has made a fiddle out of his own head, and he has wood enough for another."

Employers should keep a close watch upon their clerks who "live fast."—*Cin. Gaz.*

Ditto upon those who live *loose.*—*Chicago Journal.*

Ditto upon those who live "*tight.*"

A remarkably ugly man, as conceited as silly, said to a late Philadelphia wag, who had wit enough for every thing but making money, "Why, Smith, how thin you are! You'll never pay the debt of nature, I'm afraid, but will dry up and blow away." "Well, you will pay that debt, at all events; for you owe nature so little."

In Goshen, Orange County, an uncle and nephew, both named Shaw, residing near Howell's Dépôt, had a bitter feud. About a year ago the uncle gave the nephew a severe "lamming." At the first favorable opportunity the nephew squared up the account in the same coin. Both applied to the courts for redress, and a Board of Arbitrators was appointed, consisting of Judge M'Kissock, G. W. Tuthill, and William Murray. The Board met last week, and after taking evidence two days and a half, gave this decision: that each pay the other $75, and that the costs be equally divided between them!

Lady Friend. "What, Georgiana, in mourning! Who is dead?"

Georgiana. "Now, Arabella, don't be so silly; don't you know that nothing is fashionable now but unmitigated mourning—and I have waited long enough for some dear, respected member of the family to die—but they wont—so I've settled down on Grandma, who departed this life when I was in short clothes and hadn't a chance. Dear Grandma—dear soul—how fortunate!"

THE FORWARD BABY.

Old Maid. "What! nine months old, and not walk yet? Why, when I was a baby, I went alone at six months."

Young, Indignant Mother (*aside*). "And she's been *alone* ever since!"

Some years since Mr. ——, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, a very covetous man, lost his only son James—an event which overwhelmed him with sorrow. The minister came to comfort him, and in the course of conversation remarked that such chastisements of Providence were mercies in disguise; that although in the death of his son he had suffered a severe and irreparable misfortune, yet undoubtedly his own reflections had suggested some sources of consolation.

"Yes," exclaimed the weeping but still provident father, "Jim was a monstrous eater!"

Tom Hobbs was not less fond of indulging his wit than his appetite, particularly when it could be done at the expense of another. Many were the scores he run up at the tavern which he forgot to pay; but as Tom lived by his wits, he still managed to keep in good credit with his landlord. One night, having regaled himself with a plate of oysters, and, as usual, on tick, when on his way home, he was met by a neighbor, who thus accosted him:

"Well, Tom, how fare you about these times?"

"Oh, quite comfortably just now," said Tom, rubbing his stomach.

"You hold your own, I see," said his neighbor.

"Yes," replied Tom, "and a little of another man's, too!"

"My dear," said a good-hearted but soft-headed actor to his wife the other morning, "d-d-d-don't t-t-talk about your husband's coming home drunk. The other night poor C—— was taken home to his heart-broken spouse in a wheelbarrow!"

A Western editor, in dunning his subscribers, says he has *responsibilities* thrown upon him which he is obliged to *meat.*

I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life, and that character, talents, virtues, and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust, and rich soup.

In proportion as men are real coin, and not counterfeit, they scorn to enjoy credit for what they have not. "Paint me," said Cromwell, "wrinkles and all." Even on canvas the great hero despised falsehood.

The late Countess of Kenmure, who was a devout Catholic, passing, one day, from her devotions at chapel through a lane of beggars, her ladyship's notice was particularly attracted by one fellow, apparently more wretched than all the rest, and she asked him,

"Pray, my good man, what is the matter with you?"

The fellow, who well knew her simplicity and benevolence, answered,

"Oh! my lady, I'm deaf and dumb!"

"Poor man!" said the innocent lady; "how long have you been so?"

"Ever since I had the fever, last Christmas!"

The old lady presented him with half a crown, and went away, piously commiserating his misfortunes.

Young Wife (*who is showing her friend "Charley's new store"*). "I tell Charley that it is his fault if we don't get rich now. Those silks are worth—oh, I don't know how many millions of dollars!"

Prudent Friend. "Aren't you afraid that some one will break in and steal every thing?"

Young Wife. "Oh, no; Charley is very careful, and he has four private burglars, who sleep in the store every night!"

A lady being in want of a dyer, was referred to an excellent workman, and something of a wag in his line. The lady called, and asked,

"Are you the dyeing man?"

"No, ma'am, I'm a living man, but I'll dye for you," promptly replied the man of many colors, putting the emphasis where it was needed.

How may a man be known from a fatigued dog?—One wears a shirt, the other *pants.*

Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite?—Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

EPITAPH—On a lamb just killed—"*Peas* to its remains."

Thomas Moore was frequently occupied three weeks in writing a song. Theodore Hook often took about the same time to perpetrate an impromptu, and Sheridan was frequently employed all day in getting up a joke, which was supposed by some to be the inspiration of the moment.

In the early days of Pennsylvania there was a law which stated as follows:

"That if any white female of ten years or upward shall appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court-house, tavern, bar-room, theatre, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders (i. e., low-necked dresses), being able to purchase necessary clothing, she shall pay a fine of not less than one, nor more than two hundred dollars."

The appended negro story, copied from a Southern correspondent of a Boston paper, is not bad: General C—— gave his black man, Sawney, funds and permission to get a quarter's worth of zoology at a menagerie, at the same time hinting to him the striking affinity between the Simia and negro races. Our sable friend soon found himself under the canvas, and brought up in front of a sedate-looking baboon, and eying the bipo-quadruped closely, soliloquized thus:

"Folks, sure's your born; feet, hands, proper bad looking countenance, just the nigger gettin' old, I reckon." Then, as if seized with a bright idea, he extended his hand with a genuine Southern "How d'ye do, uncle?" The ape clasped the negro's hand, and shook it long and cordially.

Sawney then plied his new acquaintance with interrogations, but eliciting no replies beyond a knowing shake of the head or a merry twinkling of the eye (the ape was probably meditating the best way of tweaking the darkey's nose), he concluded that the ape was bound to keep noncommittal, and looking cautiously around, chuckled out: "He, he, ye too sharp for them, old feller; keep dark; if ye'd jist speak one word of English, white man have a hoe in yer hand in less than two minutes."

An old writer on "dress" says that "young women should let their judgment be seen by the frugality and simplicity of their apparel." Our modern young ladies are "frugal" enough in some articles of dress, and as to letting "their judgment be seen," that is nearly all that is not exhibited.

A loafer who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

"I am now about to do for you what the devil never did by you," said a quaint parson, in his valedictory address to his flock; "that is, I shall leave you."

A country girl one morning went
  To market with a pig;
The little curl-tail, not content,
  Began to squeal a jig.
A dandy who was riding by,
  Who wished to pass a joke—
"My dear, how comes your child to cry,
  When wrapped up in your cloak?"
The country girl thus quick replies—
  "So bad a breeding had he,
That, ever and anon he cries
  Whene'er he sees his daddy."

An editor, in our eye, says that little garden patch of his was very profitable the last season. The snails ate up the cucumbers, the neighbors' cats ate up the chickens, and we are now in search of something that will eat up the cats! Can any of our agricultural friends aid us?

A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said: "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as, Peter is beaten. Now what did Peter do?" The boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he hollered."

It was Napoleon who says, "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and head together."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, July* 27, 1857.

WE have again to note a heavy week in the business of this port. It compares as follows with last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending July 25, 1857	$7,162,578....	$889,051
Corresponding week, 1856	6,333,327....	2,236,733
Increase............	$729,251	
Decrease		$1,347,682

We subjoin a summary of the year thus far:

Imports from Jan. 1, 1857 to July 1....	$115,557,000
Add from July 1 to 25..................	24,978,884
Total thus far in 1857	$140,535,884
To same date in 1856..............	124,383,166
Increase of imports this year	$16,152,718
Exports from Jan. 1, 1857, to July 1	$38,501,000
Add from July 1 to 25	2,964,744
Total to July 25	41,465,744
To same date, 1856	45,441,308
Decrease of exports this year............	$3,975,564

Exchange having risen in price, specie has begun to go out, but little short of two millions having been exported during the week. The best financiers anticipate, for the present, a renewal of the heavy specie shipments.

Hitherto the Banks have not been affected, and discounts are done at the old rates; but among private lenders, money is slightly dearer.

The Stock Market is higher than it was this time last week, and firm. The Old Michigan Southern sells at 50 cash and 47 on time; Erie at 34½; New York Central 85½; Reading 74½; Illinois Central 117; Cleveland and Toledo 58, &c., &c.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, July* 27, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were rather brisker. Breadstuffs attracted more attention, chiefly from home dealers, though, in part, from shippers and speculators. Flour was plentier, and closed a shade cheaper. Ordinary to extra State Flour $6 20 to $6 75; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 20 @ $6 45; low to choice extra Western do. $6 50 @ $10 25; fancy to extra Genessee do. $6 75 @ $9 75; superfine to choice extra Canadian do. $6 30 @ $9 00; low mixed to choice extra Southern do. $7 40 @ $9 75; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 00 @ $6 00; Corn Meal, $4 00 @ $4 10 for Jersey, and $4 25 @ $4 30 for Brandywine, per barrel. Old Wheat was scarce and quiet at former quotations. New Wheat is plentier and is lower. The receipts are still exclusively from the South. Several lots were disposed of during the week at $2 00 @ $2 05 for White, and $1 86 @ $1 91 for Red, per bushel. Corn is less abundant, and is in better request, closing. Mixed 87½ @ 88 c.; Yellow 90 @ 96 c.; White 95 c. @ $1 05; Rye $1 09 @ $1 14; Western Oats 62 @ 64 c.; State do. 57 @ 61 c.; Jersey do. 57 @ 61 c.; Southern do. 53 @ 56 c., per bushel.

Cotton has been in moderate demand, at improving rates: Middling Uplands 15 @ 15¼ c.; do. Gulfs 15½ @ 15¾ c. per pound. Provisions continued pretty active, at generally buoyant prices. We now quote: Mess Pork $24 00 @ $24 25; Prime Pork $19 40; Repacked Western Mess Beef $16 00 @ $17 00, per barrel; Prime Mess Beef $28 00 @ $30 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $23 50 @ $23 75 per barrel; Bacon 11½ @ 13½ c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 15 @ 15½ c.; New State Butter 16 @ 24 c.; Cheese 5 @ 9½ c., per pound. Groceries have been in fair request—Coffee, Teas, and Rice commanding full rates, while Sugars and Molasses favored buyers. Other commodities varied but little.

Freights continued depressed and languid. For Liverpool, Cotton, 2s. 6d. @ 3s. per bale; Flour, 6d. @ 9d. per barrel; Grain, 2½d. @ 3d. per bushel; Beef, 6d. @ 9d. per tierce; Rosin, 4½d. @ 6d. per barrel; and heavy goods, 7s. 6d. @ 12s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations.

The Live Stock Market was pretty well supplied with Beeves last Wednesday. The receipts during the week were less extensive than those of the preceding week, but they were in excess of the requirements of buyers, and, with the cattle held over from the previous market day, sellers found it difficult to regulate prices so as to prevent a decline therein. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, were 2953 Beeves, 229 Milch Cows, 774 Veal Calves, 11,534 Sheep and Lambs, and 400 Swine, against 4090 Beeves, 264 Milch Cows, 711 Veal Calves, 11,828 Sheep and Lambs, and 912 Swine the preceding week. Most of the fresh cattle were from Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and New York. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 8 c. for the poorest, to 12 c. for premium cattle, per pound—the general average having been 10¼ @ 10½ c. per pound. Good cattle were purchased with most freedom, and they were not noticeably cheaper than on the previous Wednesday. But the bulk of the supply in market was of inferior quality, and such stock deteriorated nearly 1 c. per pound. Several lots were reserved for another market day, as the owners were reluctant to sell them at the reduced currency. Milch Cows, with their calves at their sides, were in more request, and were steady in price. The range was from $25 00 for common, to $70 00 for extra, per head. Veal Calves continued in moderate supply and demand at easier rates, viz., 5 @ 7 c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were very abundant, and were cheaper, yet not active. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from $2 00 @ $6 50 per head. Swine were scarce and salable, 7¼ @ 7¾ c. for live, and 9¼ @ 9¾ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market exhibits no remarkably new features.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
Cherries, per pound	6	@	12
Gooseberries, per bushel............	$2 50	@	$3 00
Raspberries, per 100 baskets........	$2 50	@	$3 00
" Antwerp, per 100 baskets	$8 00	@	$9 00
Blackberries, per bushel............	$4 00	@	—
Whortleberries, per bushel	$2 75	@	$3 50
Currants, per pound...........	3½	@	5
Potatoes, new, per barrel..........	$2 25	@	$5 00
" new, per bushel...........	62½	@	$1 12½
Onions, new, per dozen bunches.....	50	@	62½
" per pound	1½	@	2
Turnips, new, per barrel	$1 75	@	$2 00
Tomatoes, per basket	75	@	$1 00
Lettuce, per hundred	75	@	$1 00
Green Peas, per basket............	50	@	75
Radishes, per 100 bunches	75	@	$1 00
Squashes, new, per barrel	$2 00	@	$3 00
Watermelons, per 100............	$30 00	@	$50 00
Beets, per 100 bunches,...........	$3 00	@	$4 00
Cucumbers, per barrel,...........	$1 00	@	$1 50
Butter, Western, per pound	14	@	19
" State, per pound	16	@	24
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